

# The Daily Mirror

24  
PAGES

NET SALE MUCH THE LARGEST OF

ANY DAILY PICTURE NEWSPAPER

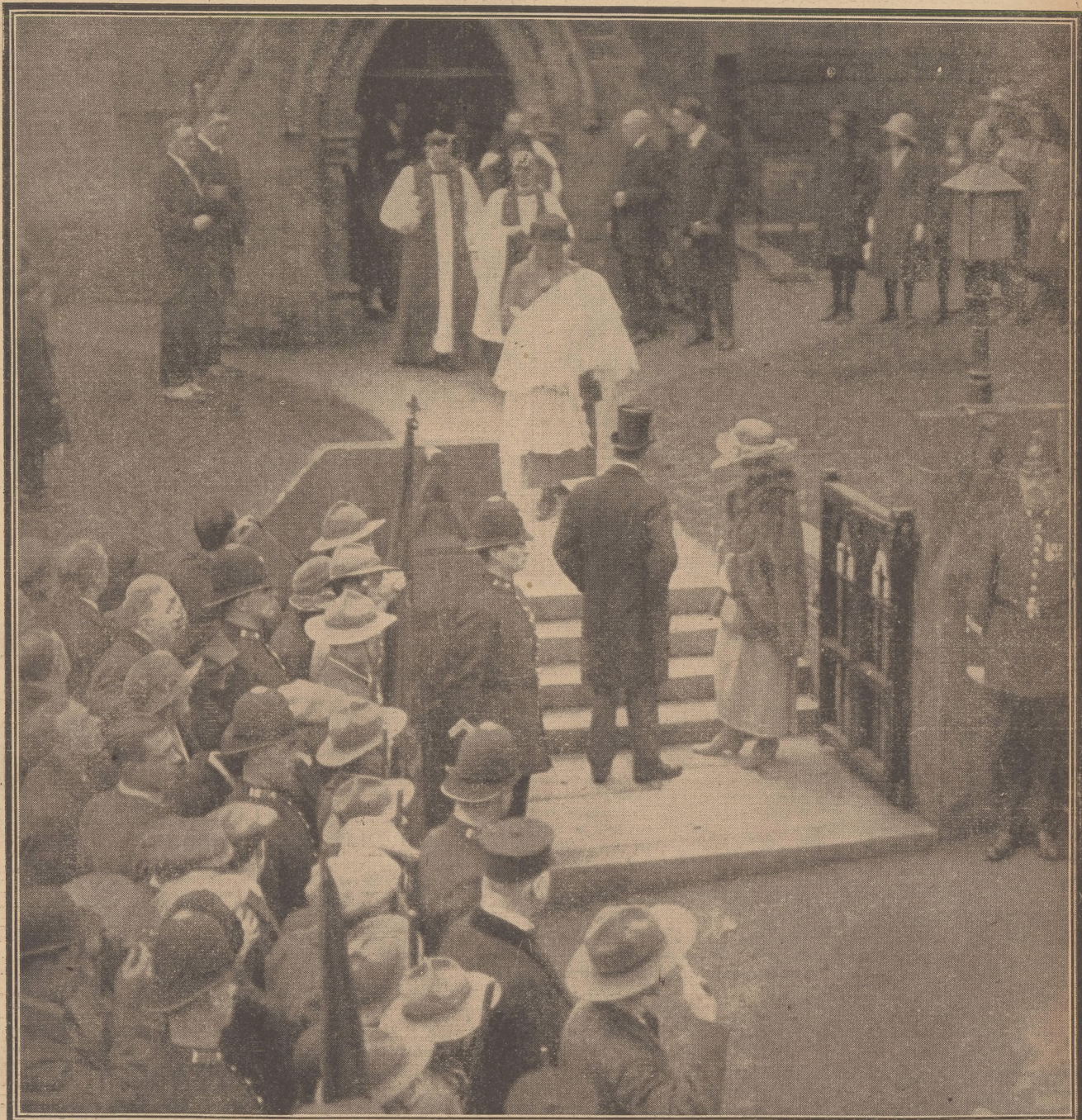
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MONDAY, MARCH 26, 1923

One Penny.

## YESTERDAY'S CHRISTENING AT GOLDSBOROUGH



The baby son of Princess Mary and Viscount Lascelles was yesterday christened George Henry Hubert by the Archbishop of York in the ancient church of Goldsborough, close by his parents' Yorkshire residence. The King and Queen were present in the principal capacity of godparents. Master Lascelles apparently did not approve the proceedings,

and gave voice to his discontent during the service. Admission to the church was by ticket only, and schoolchildren of the village were accommodated in an enclosed portion of the churchyard. This exclusive *Daily Mirror* photograph shows the King and Princess Mary pausing at the churchyard gate while the nurse carries the newly-christened baby.



## BRITAIN'S GREAT SPORTS FESTIVAL.

Record Crowds for Boat Race and Football.

### OXFORD'S DOUBLE.

London Club for First Cup Final at Wembley.

All England light-heartedly abandoned itself to sport on Saturday. The day was, in fact, one of the greatest outdoor festivals of the year.

Two Cup semi-finals provided thrills for footballers: Rugby enthusiasts saw the French Army beat the British Army at Twickenham; and England beat Ireland in the international hockey match.

Oxford and Cambridge fought their annual battle on the cinder track at Queen's Club; and—last, but not least—the Boat Race lured hundreds of thousands to the river side between Putney and Mortlake.

At a modest estimate these events alone attracted 650,000 spectators.

### WEST END JOY NIGHT.

\*Varsity Students Take Possession for Revels of Victory.

It was a great day for Oxford. They won both the Boat Race—for the first time in ten years—and the Inter-Varsity sports.

So far as London was concerned, the Dark Blues' victories were celebrated in the West End until well into the small hours of yesterday morning.

The neighbourhood of Piccadilly Circus was practically impassable for the cheering crowds of students, and others who were not students. The Oxford crew, after dining at the New University Club, had a rapturous reception at the Winter Garden Theatre, and, beaten though they were, Cambridge were given an equally great welcome when they went to see the "Co-Optimists."

The riverside scenes were almost unexampled. Although the race was not timed to start until five o'clock, people began to take up their positions on the towing path eight hours before. Throughout the day all London seemed to be going Putneywards. Trains and omnibuses were packed to suffocation.

#### LIGHT BLUE PRESIDENT'S FEAT.

At Mortlake—the finishing point—the tense excitement of the crowd was indescribable. As early as three o'clock an elderly woman, with a large light blue sash, began to make anxious inquiries as to the possibility of both boats having foundered!

When, at last, amid the yells of the multitude and the hoots of the sirens, Oxford finished three-quarters of a length to the good, she remarked: "Well, I'm glad the poor dears had a safe voyage!"

H. M. Abrahams, the Cambridge president, was the hero of the sports, which were won by Oxford by seven events to four.

Abrahams is one of the greatest athletes ever up at either University. It was off his own bat, as it were, that he saved the Light Blues from an overwhelming defeat.

He won the 100 yards, the quarter-mile and the long jump, and, incidentally, set up three records for the sports.

Hundreds of those who saw the sports immediately dashed off to the river to see what they could of the Boat Race.

#### LONDON CUP FINALISTS.

The same thing occurred after the Football Cup semi-final between West Ham and Derby County at Chelsea.

West Ham more than realised the last hope of London by their 5 goals to 2 victory, to the great joy of a crowd of well over 50,000.

Both sides had their mascots—two tiny boys in football rig—and one corner of the ground was occupied by an exuberant section of West Ham supporters, with tall hats and parasols in the club colours, armed with coloured mallets.

The other Cup semi-final, in which Bolton Wanderers beat Sheffield United by a goal to nil, attracted 72,000 spectators, and there were nearly half as many outside when the gates were closed. The takings totalled £7,600.

The Final, between West Ham and Bolton Wanderers, takes place on Saturday, April 28, and will be the first to be played in the great new football arena in the grounds of the British Empire Exhibition at Wembley.

The Prince of Wales, who was prevented from seeing the Boat Race owing to a prior engagement, saw the French Army beat the British Army at Twickenham.

#### FATHER OF DEAD BOY CENSURED.

The father of a two and a half years old child, Donald Dunham, of Bushey, who died as the result of being burned by falling into a bath of hot water, was censured by the coroner's jury on Saturday.

Medical assistance was not procured for nine days. It was stated that the mother went out daily to work while the husband and son looked after the house and children.

## ASCOT LACE VOGUE.

Queen Mary Leads Charming New Fashion.

### HAND-PAINTED DESIGNS.

A "lace" Ascot is indicated this year—if the weather be favourable.

Queen Mary has ordered from her dressmaker three afternoon frocks which are made of the loveliest lace from Nottingham. Two are of black silk Chantilly, and the third is beige-colored.

Another lovely gown on which lace figures largely has been made for Lady Henry Bentinck. This has a long-waisted crepe, netted bodice, slightly shirred in the centre, with the new loop sleeves, and a three-tiered skirt of point d'Alencon lace. A long cape collar hangs down below the waist.

Not content with lace loveliness alone, the dress designers are inserting hand-painted medallions of silk into berthes and flounces.

Reversible cloaks of lace and beflowered silk are provided for wear with these dainty gowns, the lace strengthened by bands of shirred net or of pleated taffeta.

Little three-tiered capes of lace set into a pointed yoke of hand-painted taffeta are a quaint fancy for wear with a picture frock.

Hats for Ascot will nearly all have silk or embroidery crowns and cleverly irregular brims of fine lace, or be entirely of lace, with long sashes twisted round the crowns and hanging down behind.

### TO YPRES GRAVES.

Dead Soldiers' Relatives Make a Pilgrimage from London.

YPRES, Sunday.

The first large party of relatives of deceased soldiers, who are making a pilgrimage to the Ypres war cemeteries, arrived here at 1 o'clock this afternoon. Major Beith (Ian Hay), the organiser of the pilgrimage, came later in the second party.

After lunch they proceeded in lorries, taxicabs, cabs and charabancs to the numerous cemeteries in that famous salient. They were welcomed by large crowds, including ex-soldiers wearing their war medals.

The pilgrims are leaving Ypres at 10 p.m. by special train.—Reuter.

The party numbers about 1,000, and consists of relatives, whose limited means have prevented them from making the journey to France. All the expenses from London to Ypres and back have been borne by the supporters of St. Barnabas Hostels.

### £80,000 PICTURE FIND.

Paris Story of Rembrandt Sold To Pay Englishman's Gambling Debts.

A Malines cabinetmaker, named Calweart, visiting Paris, bought for a small sum in the village and then a picture representing the baptism of Jesus, in the Jordan (says the Central News).

On the advice of an artist friend he submitted it to M. Cockx, an Antwerp expert, and after a washing process the painting was revealed in all its beauty. The expert brought to light the signature of Rembrandt, and the date 1640.

It is stated that this hitherto unknown masterpiece came from the collection of a rich English shipbuilder, who was compelled, about fifty years ago, to sell it to pay his gambling debts. At the least the picture is worth £80,000.

### RODE WITH BROKEN LEG.

Motor-Cyclist's Ordeal After Collision—Collapses in Village.

Extraordinary powers of endurance and courage were shown by Roy Dwyer, a Bank of England clerk, who it was reported yesterday, was run into by a vehicle while motor-cycling at Newland's Corner, near Guildford at night.

His machine was thrown into the hedge and Dwyer's right leg was broken. The vehicle proceeded, and with great difficulty the injured man managed to start his motor and reached Merrow in a state of collapse.

He attracted the attention of some people in the village and they took him in and sent for medical attendance, after which he was removed to hospital.

### FORGOTTEN BUNDLE OF VOTES.

The first count at the Edmonton District Council election on Saturday showed that Mr. Fred Wade, in the Fore-street ward, was successful by three votes over his Labour opponent, Mr. G. Perry.

Mr. Perry demanded a recount and this revealed a forgotten bundle of 235 votes in his favour, which secured him a majority of 232.

#### MISHAP TO LINER.

The American liner Manchuria, New York for Hamburg, lost a blade of the propeller when crossing the Atlantic, says a Plymouth message.

## "MAGDA" TRIUMPH.

Miss Gladys Cooper Scores Brilliant Success.

### PLAYHOUSE REVIVAL

By Our Dramatic Critic.

The searching cynicism of modern critical thought blunts itself against the genuine drama of Sudermann's old-fashioned play, "Magda." Its revival at the Playhouse on Saturday evening was a triumph for all concerned, notably for the name party which was created in English twenty-seven years ago by Mrs. Patrick Campbell.

Mr. Franklin D'Yall scored a brilliant success as old Colonel Schwarz, the embodiment of a Germany which practised frightfulness in the home before it carried it into the field. "Magda" is more a stage type; the main springs of her action are theatrical. But the author has created situations for her of great intensity, and the conflict between her and the old man are the stuff that the highest melo-drama is made of.

Miss Cooper was superbly theatrical! Her talent grows richer with each new impersonation. There are few now to equal her as an emotional actress. She is so sure of herself; her technique is so complete and yet so subordinate.

The appeal to the eye is not neglected. Magnificently gowned, she gave us yet another personal style. The golden hair has become black; the cheeks are pale and soulful. She had a great reception, and no limit can be set to her future achievements.

Each part was extremely well acted. Especially good were Mr. William Stack in the difficult role of the pastor, and Mr. Gilbert Hare as the unpleasant Von Keller.

### BOULOGNE MYSTERY.

Unknown Englishman Believed To Have Been Robbed and Murdered.

PARIS, Sunday.

The body of an unidentified Englishman about fifty-five was found on Saturday in Boulogne.

The fact that his pockets had been completely emptied leads to the belief that he had been attacked during the night on a pier and thrown into the water after being robbed.

The only clue to the man's identity is the trade mark on his underclothing of an English hosiery firm in the Midlands. *The Matin* states he was a ship's officer.—Exchange.

### MIRAGE LIFEBOAT HOAX.

Deal Crews' Exciting Chase to Phantom Vessel in Distress.

Excitement prevailed among the crew of the Goodwin Sands lightship at noon yesterday, when they observed the Deal lifeboat under a press of canvas, together with nearly a dozen motor-launches and sailing boats from Deal, hurrying with all possible speed to the famous sandbank.

As the boats passed the lightship, in response to the crew's hail as to the cause of all their haste, the salvage men from Deal replied that they had seen from the shore a large vessel lying stranded on the sandbank.

The lightship men laughingly replied, "You have all had a wild-goose chase. There is nothing ashore."

Subsequently it transpired that the Channel mist, aided by sunshine, had caused a mirage of vessels, which, as viewed from the land, looked to be aground.

### STAGE ROMANCE.

Miss Nance Lovat Weds Epson Trainer—Bride's Silver Dress.

Still another stage romance has had another happy ending, Miss Nance Lovat, the well-known musical comedy star, having just been married to Mr. Cecil Langlands, clerk of the theatre at Epson.

The register office marriage took place in London some weeks ago, and the ceremony this weekend was a religious one.

Beautifully gowned in silver-white marocain with silver embroideries, Miss Lovat made a charming bride, and her Russian coronet of orange blossom was worn over a Brussels lace veil. The honeymoon is being spent in France.

### PLUCKY BOY RESCUES CAT.

Hearing the pitiful cries of a cat which had fallen into a disused pit shaft over 60ft. deep, Robert Brown, a fourteen-year-old boy, of Carlisle How, North Yorkshire, volunteered to rescue it. A rope was fastened round him and he was lowered to the bottom of the shaft, where he rescued the cat.

## EXPLOITS OF A GIRL RAFFLES.

"Maid" Vanishes with Jewels During Dinner.

### FAMILY'S SURPRISE.

Poses as House-Buyer and Collects Valuables.

The amazing exploits of a feminine Raffles, who poses at one time as a servant and disappears with the valuables during dinner, and at another as a prospective house-buyer, are engaging the attention of the police.

After she served her first dinner in a South London house, the family heard the door slam and investigation proved that the "new maid" had vanished with a considerable amount of jewellery and other things. In looking round a house which she said she wished to buy she calmly lifted several valuables and ran away with them.

The woman is known to the police and is said to be just out of prison.

### HER FIRST DINNER.

What Guests Discovered When the Front Door Slammed.

A South London householder advertised for a maid-servant and received many replies.

"One was so favourable," this woman told *The Daily Mirror* yesterday, "that we requested the writer to call."

"She appeared a capable and highly-refined servant, and we were so taken with her that we arranged for her to commence that same day."

The only difficulty was her inability to provide a reference at the moment, but as she was so suitable we decided that that would do later."

The woman proved her ability, and by the time the late dinner was on the table the family were congratulating themselves on their capture.

#### CUP OF TEA RUSE.

Soon after the last course had been served, however, the front door was heard to slam, and the family's suspicions were aroused.

A hasty search revealed that the "servant" had made a thorough sweep of all jewellery and articles of value in the house.

One of the guests had had her doubts about the woman, and had deposited her valuables at the bottom of a box. Even these had disappeared.

The police told how a somewhat similar deception was practised that morning by the same woman.

She had gone to a furnished house under the pretence of purchasing it, and while examining the furniture had quietly appropriated many small articles.

She then asked for a cup of tea, and when left alone while the occupant of the house went to see about it, she took several more valuables and disappeared.

### GIRL'S VAIN SACRIFICE.

Gave Blood in Hope of Saving Life of Nine-Year-Old Brother.

Although his elder sister gave of her blood in an attempt to save her brother, Thomas J. King, of Northdown-street, King's Cross, died after being knocked down and run over by a motor-car.

The boy was taken to the Royal Free Hospital, where an operation was performed and blood transfused. In spite of his sister's devotion, however, he died. Accidental death was the ineffectual verdict.

### OTHER NEWS IN BRIEF.

Today's Weather.—Fair generally; rather warm. Lighting-up time 7.20 p.m.

Brook Carnarvon, says a Cairo message, is suffering pain in the face, but his condition is unchanged.

Badger Killed.—A fine badger which was killed in the Matlock hills during the week-end measured 2ft 10 in long.

Prince Henry was present at the London Pavilion last night to see for the second time the performance of "Robin Hood."

Ambulance Wedding Car.—A Huddersfield cripple, Frederick Booth, went on Saturday to his wedding in a police motor-ambulance.

271 Atlantic Trips.—Mr. I. E. Hargreaves, a Kendal wood magnate, is crossing the Atlantic for the 271st time in the White Star liner Cedric.

V.C.'s Mother Honoured.—Derby on Saturday conferred its honorary freedom upon Mrs. Adeline Rivers, the aged mother of Private Jacob Rivers, V.C.

Dearer Cheese?—Sir Walter de Frece will ask in the Commons to-day whether it is available, supposing the cheese has fallen off, and whether there will be a large increase in price.

TURN TO P. 17 AND BEGIN OUR GREAT NEW SERIAL "THE WAY OF A MAN"



# PRINCESS MARY'S SON CHRISTENED AT GOLDSBOROUGH

The Queen Acts as Godmother—The King and Prince George Attend Service.

CROWDS FLOCK TO VILLAGE FOR CEREMONY

Deaf and Dumb Boy Scouts and Girl Guides Keep Pathway Open to Church Entrance.

Princess Mary's son, George Henry Hubert Lascelles, was baptised yesterday by the Archbishop of York in Goldsborough Parish Church.

It was a simple yet historic service, which followed the usual morning worship. The Queen was godmother for her first grandchild, and the King and Prince George were present with the happy parents, Princess Mary and Viscount Lascelles. Only the members of both families and villagers and tenants were present at the ceremony. Scouts and girl guides kept an avenue open to the entrance of the church, and a touching fact was that the boys in one contingent were deaf and dumb.

Although the congregation at the christening was strictly limited, the event created intense interest, and thousands of visitors flocked into Goldsborough from all parts of Yorkshire.

## ROYAL BABY BAPTISED BY ARCHBISHOP OF YORK.

Village Carpenter at Organ for Historic Service.

### MASTER LASCELLES NOISY.

From Our Special Correspondent.

HARROGATE, Sunday.

In the presence of the King and Queen, their first grandchild, George Henry Hubert Lascelles, the son of Princess Mary and Viscount Lascelles, was christened to-day by the Archbishop of York (Dr. Cosmo Gordon Lang), in St. Mary's, the ancient parish church of Goldsborough.

It was a simple and impressive ceremony. "Name this child."

The words fell from the lips of the white-haired Archbishop of York, and the crowded congregation of villagers and tenants which packed the tiny old Norman church held their breath as they waited to see what would happen next.

Then the Queen, a stately figure in a grey velvet cloak, with moleskin bands, and wearing a fuchsia coloured toque, with flowers, stepping forward.

At the same moment a uniformed nurse approached her Majesty carrying an infant in long white silken robes, and the Queen held out her arms.

### VILLAGE CARPENTER AT ORGAN.

The babe, the central figure in this historic scene, was crying lustily as the Queen received him.

Master Lascelles has wonderful lung power, and he cried so loudly during the service that few people, except those close at hand, could hear the Queen's reply to the Archbishop.

"George Henry Hubert," answered her Majesty. Then she handed her grandson to the Archbishop, who, sprinkling the child's face with water from the same font as that at which Viscount Lascelles himself was christened, made the sign of the cross on the infant's forehead.

"I baptise thee in the name of the Father, and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost," the Archbishop said. "Amen! Amen!" echoed the congregation.

The christening followed the usual morning service in the church. There were no decorations, and Mr. Mann, a Goldsborough carpenter, presided at the organ.

### DEAF-DUMB SCOUTS.

It was a beautiful spring morning, and thousands of visitors flocked into the old-world village.

They lined both sides of the one long road that marks the beginning and end of Goldsborough, the line immediately outside the church being kept by boy scouts and girl guides under the command of Lady Evelyn Collins, a sister of the Duke of Roxburghe.

The members of one tiny contingent of scouts were all deaf and dumb.

There is a private entrance to the church from the grounds of Goldsborough Hall, the Yorkshire home of Princess Mary, and it was by this means that the King and Queen, Prince George and the remainder of the house party entered the building.

Viscount Lascelles and the Queen were the first to arrive. Then came the King with the Princess.

She was dressed in a grey frock and grey lace hat, and she was also wearing a long-sable cloak. She was looking exceedingly well.

## WAGES CRISES LOOMING IN MANY INDUSTRIES.

Strike Threats by Builders and Farm Labourers.

### 750,000 TO BE IDLE?

By Our Lobby Correspondent.

Wages disputes threaten to add at least 750,000 British workmen to the vast army of unemployed within the next few days.

Five hundred thousand building operatives may down tools next week if on Wednesday their employers decide to enforce the proposed cuts of from 5 to 10 per cent, in their pay.

Both masters and men are reported to be resolute, and, unless the Ministry of Labour intervene, a further serious delay must take place in meeting the urgent housing needs of the country.

During the week-end 40,000 pottery workers received a month's notice, their employers being determined to enforce a 10 per cent. wage reduction.

Meanwhile, hopes of a settlement of the Norfolk farm workers' dispute were dashed on Saturday night, when, following an abortive joint conference in the Bishop's Palace at Norwich, a general strike was threatened by the men.

The Norfolk farmers propose a fifty-four hours week at 5s. per hour. The agricultural labourers refuse to work for more than fifty hours or for less than 2s. a week.

The workers' representatives then put forward a proposal for a three months' truce, with a view to making further representations to the Government, the wage to operate during the truce being 2s. for fifty hours, and the employers will consider this plan to-day.

The secretary of the Agricultural Workers' Union declared his intention to lay the farm labourers' case before representatives of five and a half million organised workers, whose support, both moral and financial, was, he added, behind the Norfolk men.

All danger of an immediate strike in the electrical power stations was removed during the week-end, when an agreement was reached.

Over 100 bricklayers and labourers left Liverpool for Canada on Saturday. They have been promised regular work at 3s. per hour.

## FORGIVEN IN COURT.

Husband on His "Humiliating Position"—Stole Her Money.

A Birmingham professional footballer, George Edward Travers, when charged by his wife at Birmingham on Saturday with stealing £200 of her money, admitted he had been attending racecourses as a bookmaker.

The wife missed the money after he had disappeared. Before giving himself up defendant pleaded for his wife's forgiveness. Travers now confessed he was in a humiliating position and receiving the forgiveness of his wife, was bound over by the Bench.

### PLUCKY BOY RESCUES CAT.

Hearing the pitiful cries of a cat which had fallen into a sluiceway at about 60 ft. deep, Robert Brown, a fourteen-year-old boy, of Carlin How, North Yorkshire, volunteered to rescue it. A rope was fastened round him and he was lowered to the bottom of the shaft, where he rescued the cat.

Nottingham University students, who captured the Mayor and Sheriff and held them to ransom until a thousand pounds had been subscribed in aid of the General Hospital, achieved their object on Saturday and the civic hostages were set at liberty.



Mr. James van Langenberg, formerly an undergraduate of Oxford, missing from his home in South Kensington since Wednesday.



Sir Ernest Rutherford, director of the Cavendish Laboratory, Cambridge, who is indisposed. His lecture to the Royal Institution is postponed.

## SARAH BERNHARDT SAID TO BE DYING.

No Food, but Cup of Broth Since Last Tuesday.

### OXYGEN ADMINISTERED.

PARIS, Sunday.

The condition of Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, the great tragedienne, who is dying in Paris, remains the same, according to a bulletin issued to-day at 12.40 and signed by six doctors. There is a slight amelioration of the kidney trouble.

The *Journal* reports that oxygen had to be administered and her doctors declare that since last Tuesday she has taken no food but one cup of weak broth.

They severely criticise her recent effort in appearing in a new American film, which they say was a great strain upon her health.

At seven o'clock this morning her house was closed completely, no answers being given to personal or telephone calls. The great actress at 2 a.m. was reported to be sinking fast.—Exchange.

"The divine Sarah" is seventy-eight, and her present illness began at the Theatre Edward VII, when she fainted during a rehearsal and had to be taken home.

For sixty years she has thrilled and astonished audiences all over the world. She is actress, painter, sculptor and writer, and at seventy-five produced her first novel, "The Little Idol."

## TRAMP'S "CONSCIENCE."

Man's Story of Walk from Plymouth to London to Surrender to Police.

A decrepit, elderly man, charged at Bow-street with embezzling £14, told the magistrate that he went to Plymouth with the money, but on arriving there his conduct so preyed on his mind that he decided to give himself up to the police.

As he did not wish to put the ratepayers to the expense of sending a detective for him, he walked back to London and started to walk up the steps of Bow-street Police Station when his heart failed him.

He then went to the workhouse, but eventually he had to surrender himself to the police. He was bound over.

## £11,000,000 NAVAL BASE?

Government Said To Be Planning Scheme for Singapore.

By Our Political Correspondent.

Considerable consternation has been caused in political circles during the week-end by the report that the Government propose to build a naval base at Singapore at the immense cost of £11,000,000.

That the Cabinet should contemplate a colossal expenditure of this description when the country is clamouring for drastic cuts in our heavy expenditure is unthinkable.

The report is all the more amazing in view of the fact that there is no potential enemy in sight. The expense, therefore, is not only unjustifiable, but provocative.

The Prime Minister will be pressed to make a full statement on the subject in the House of Commons this afternoon.

### FATHER OF DEAD BOY CENSURED.

The father of a two and a half years old child, Donald Dunham, of Bushey, who died as the result of burns sustained by falling into a bath of hot water, was censured by the coroner's jury on Saturday.

Medical assistance was not procured for nine days. It was stated that the mother went out daily to work while the husband and son looked after the house and children.

### £2,170 JEWEL THEFT CHARGE.

Joseph Ward, traveller, and Philip Wilson, bookmaker, were committed for trial at Southampton on Saturday, charged with burgling the shop of Leon Emmanuel, a local jeweller, and stealing jewellery valued at £2,170.

## POIGNANT PLEAS FOR THE PIT PONIES.

Can They Be Replaced by Mechanical Traction?

### READERS' QUESTIONS.

"Blind Creatures Helpless After Being Underground."

Scores of letters arrive daily at *The Daily Mirror* Offices relating to the question of the pit ponies.

English people all over the world have been stirred by stories of alleged neglect and cruelties inflicted on these little animals.

"I beg that you will continue to keep before the readers of your widely-read newspaper the effort to help these helpless creatures," writes a correspondent from Monte Carlo.

Various sums of money have also been received to inaugurate funds, either to help to provide for a regular inspection of the ponies employed in the pits or to ensure for them regular holidays above ground.

### MECHANICAL TRACTION.

Others suggest that the employment of ponies in pits should be abandoned, and some form of mechanical traction substituted.

"Surely," writes Mr. H. Clark, of Nottingham, "in this advanced age, someone could be found to invent a trolley with safe motor power to take the place of the poor pit pony!"

"I remember," writes A Regular Reader, "that it was announced early in 1921 that mechanical haulage was to be installed in the mines."

At that time it was said that very few ponies would be employed in the pits twelve months hence.

### SURFACE HOLIDAY.

"It would be interesting to know what progress has been made in this direction."

Another correspondent now living at Ilfracombe, but who spent some years in the Black Country, writes: "I have often felt sad to see the ponies run helplessly against the hedges because they are blind when brought out of the pits after many months imprisonment underground."

Many other readers of *The Daily Mirror* insist that if ponies are indispensable in the pits it should be possible for inspectors of the R.S.P.C.A. to inspect the animals at all times. That they should have holidays above ground, every two or three weeks, say, is also suggested as one of the provisions in an Act of Parliament.

## GERMANY TO CLIMB DOWN.

Report of Proposals To Be Made to France After Easter.

The *Matin's* Berlin correspondent (says an Exchange Paris message) writes that in political circles it is stated that the German Government will make proposals to France concerning the Ruhr after Easter.

The industrial magnates and Socialists will utilise this delay to draw up a reparations scheme, and afterwards to arrange a compromise plan.

In consequence of the failure of the German officials, the Franco-Belgian occupation authorities have (according to Reuter) decided, from midnight of yesterday, to levy a uniform Customs duty of 10 per cent, ad valorem on foreign products entering occupied Germany and the Rhine.

International commerce will now be subject to normal conditions.

According to the Berlin correspondent of the *Journal*, the French Government has rejected a proposal by Germany that M. Labourel, a French journalist arrested by the Germans at Magdeburg, be exchanged for Herr Emil Hoelllein, the Reichstag deputy taken into custody by the French.

## ALLIED REPLY TO TURKS.

Decision This Week on Near East Peace—Position of M. Venizelos?

Although the various groups of Allied experts now in London in connection with the Conference which is proceeding on the Turkish counter-proposals to the Lausanne Treaty met during the week-end, there is as yet no official indication as to when these meetings will end.

It is, however, hoped that their report will be before the Allied delegates early this week, and that a reply to the Turks will then be drawn up for the approval of the Allied Governments.

M. Venizelos' Position?—Lieutenant-Commander Kenworthy is to ask the Premier to-day whether M. Venizelos has been invited to London to participate in the present discussions on peace with Turkey; whether he is the guest of the Government; in what capacity he is acting; and which are the Powers taking part in these discussions, in addition to France, Italy and Great Britain.



# "Sphere" Oval-Octo

## SUSPENDERS

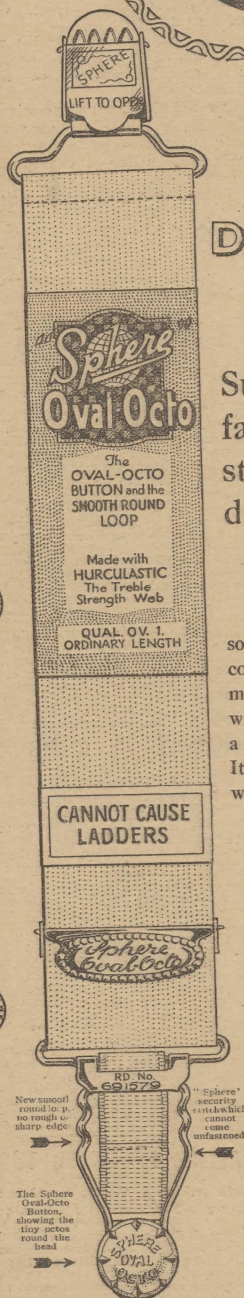
The New "Sphere" Invention

### CANNOT CAUSE LADDERS

DAME NELLIE MELBA

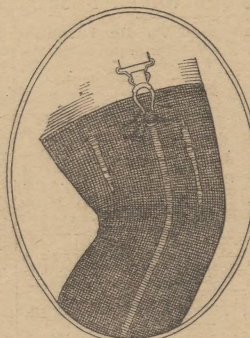
Says:

"I have used "Sphere" Oval-Octo Suspenders and find them very satisfactory as they do not damage the stockings, which is so essential these days when stockings are so expensive."



The principle and construction of the "Sphere" Oval-Octo makes a new departure. The button is soft, pliant, as well as shapely and has a much wider diameter than has usually been employed in this connection, thus the surface over which the stocking is drawn is much broader than in the ordinary makes, and the strain on the stocking is distributed much more evenly. Round the head of the button, as will be seen in the illustration, are a series of tiny octos, which give a firm and sure grip. The loop is also a great improvement, it being made of highly polished round metal which has no rough or sharp edges. It is much stronger than the old style loop and will not break in wear. The combination of this new loop with the Oval-Octo button makes the perfect suspender.

#### OLD STYLE



RESULT AFTER A FEW DAYS WEAR  
WITH ORDINARY BUTTON.

#### "Sphere" Oval-Octo Suspenders

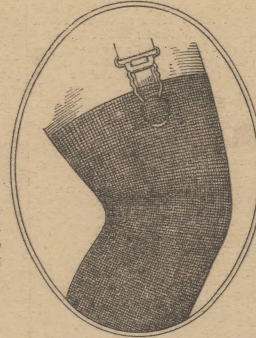
Can be procured from all the Leading Drapers and Outfitters. They are made in two lengths to meet the requirements of varying figures and the present differing makes of corsets:—

	Pair.
OV. 1 1 3/8" Twill "Hurculastic" Ordinary length	1/11 1/2
OV. 2 " " " Extra	2/6
OV. 5 1 3/8" Art Silk " Ordinary	2/6
OV. 6 " " " Extra	3/3

"HURCULASTIC" IS THE TREBLE STRENGTH WEB, WITH THE FREE AND EASY STRETCH. THE WORDS "SPHERE OVAL-OCTO" ARE EMBOSSED ON THE HEAD OF EACH BUTTON, AS SHOWN IN THE ILLUSTRATION.

"Sphere" Oval-Octo Suspenders are most unique and are a boon to women.

#### "Sphere" OVAL-OCTO STYLE



RESULT AFTER A FEW WEEKS WEAR  
WITH THE "Sphere" Oval-Octo BUTTON.

ALWAYS ASK FOR

"SPHERE" BRACES,

SUSPENDERS, GARTERS

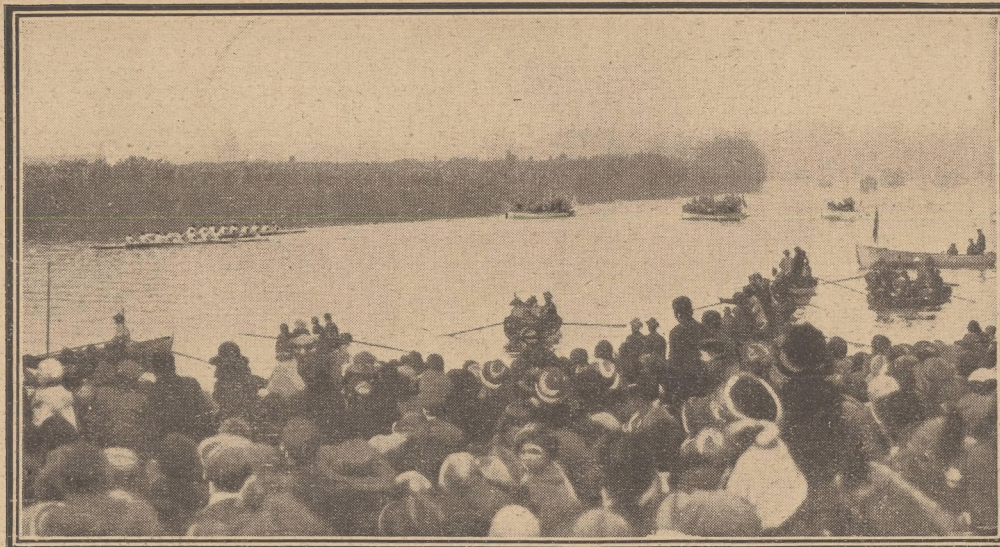
MANUFACTURED BY  
SPHERE SUSPENDER CO.  
LEICESTER.

Stocked by the Leading  
Drapers and Outfitters.

Registered Nos. 691 579, 690 604, 420, 140  
(Patent applied for.)



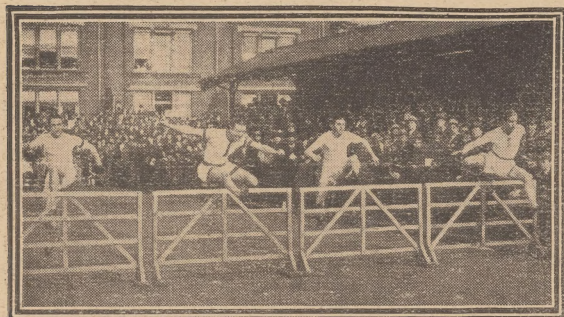
# GREAT DAY OF VICTORY FOR OXFORD UNIVERSITY—ON RIVER AND ON SPORTS FIELD



Just before the finish at Mortlake, when Cambridge made a last desperate effort to wrest victory from Oxford.



A baby boy, who was caught in the crowd, being passed into safety by the ubiquitous police.



First flight in hurdles. R. Stapledon, Oxford, on right, winner.



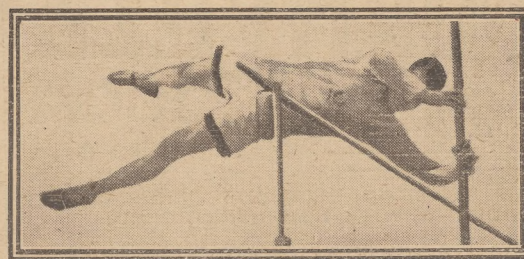
F. M. R. Stephenson, Cambridge, landing on his hands in high jump.



W. R. Milligan, Oxford, winning the mile in four minutes, twenty-five seconds.



A section of the huge crowd at Barnes. There was not much room to spare.



D. R. Michener, Oxford, winning the pole jump. He cleared ten feet six inches. Second and third tied at ten feet three inches.



The Earl of Balfour (left), who watched the Boat Race, discussing the chances of the crews.

A vast crowd assembled to watch the battle of the Blues on the Thames. It was a struggle grimly fought by the Cambridge crew, but Oxford always had the advantage and seemed to have plenty in hand had they been pressed more severely. While

Oxford was achieving victory on the waterway, its representatives were doing equally well in the athletic battle at Queen's Club, beating Cambridge by seven events to four. Seldom has the senior university had a more successful day.



# Paurelle Ltd.

of 111 Regent St., W.1.

## 4 Days Sale

### BEGINS TO-DAY

## Sample Suits

NO TWO ALIKE.

This Season's Styles of a London and Paris Manufacturer and including

**MANY ORIGINAL PARIS MODELS**

All to be cleared at

**4 Gns.**

USUAL PRICES  
12 gns. to 15 gns.

Excellent cut Costume of Navy All-Wool. Ga. arline. Beautifully embroidered Black. Soutache head and trimm-d ruffles. Coat Silk lined. Skirt cut on bias lines. Special Sale Price **4 Gns**

The samples include: Models in All-Wool Gabardine, Wool Maroon, Fine All-Wool Botany Suiting, Yorkshire Tweeds and French Novelty Materials—the price is the same throughout.

**A PERSONAL VISIT IS ESSENTIAL**  
In order to secure one of these 15gn. Suits for 4 gns.

Book by Tins or 'Tus to P. Locality are Cans. Also two of the Suits are alike we can accept

**NO POST ORDERS**

**PAURELLE, Ltd.,**  
111, REGENT STREET, W.1.

Two in suits from P. readily Circus

# DANIELS

KENTISH TOWN RD N.W.

"Beatrice"  
Seven Strands Wide  
**MARABOUT.**  
For **6/-** Post 6d.

The most amazing bargain anywhere. Lined rich silk and large size. Rich Dark Beaver, Nigger, Mole, Smoke Grey, Black or Navy



"Bertha"  
(on right)  
8 Strands Wide  
62 ins. Long  
**FRENCH MARABOUT STOLE.**  
Lined rich silk. In Nigger, Navy, Beaver, Black or Smoke Grey. Worth 21/-.  
Price **15/11**  
Box & post 7d



**C. & A. DANIELS,**  
201, KENTISH TOWN ROAD, LONDON, N.W.5

## Why Not? Dress Well!

We place within your reach, no matter what your income, the means of being well dressed. We are here to give credit, and if you want credit we want you.

We make a perfect-fitting

**COSTUME**  
on Easy Terms

from **63/-** to measure

which we supply on **FIRST PAYMENT of 8/-** and you pay the **BALANCE 8/- MONTHLY** while you are wearing the clothes.

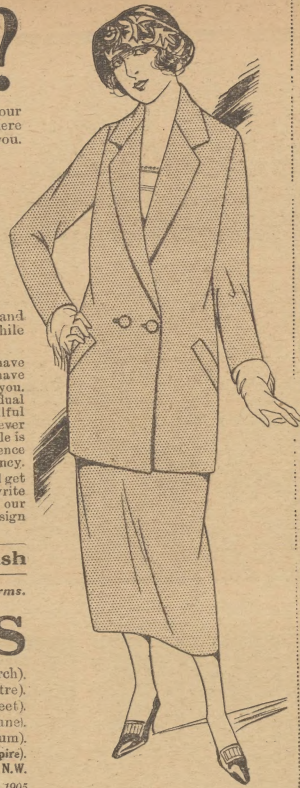
Our ledgers are full of satisfied customers who have dealt repeatedly with us for years. You cannot have better proof than this that we can satisfy you. Every garment is made specially for each individual customer and we only employ experienced and skilful cutters and workpeople. You can select whatever style you like and the range of materials available is so extensive that the most fastidious will experience no difficulty in finding the cloth to suit her fancy. Call if you can at any of our Establishments and get our **FREE PATTERNS** and fashion booklet, or write and they will be sent **FREE** together with our simple self-measurement form. Your own design copied if preferred.

**2/- in the £ Discount for Cash**

Gentlemen's Lounge Suits same prices and terms.

## BENSONS

57, EDGWARE ROAD, W. (near Marble Arch).  
149, STRAND, W.C. (opposite Gaiety Theatre).  
69, CHEAPSIDE, E.C. (corner of Queen Street).  
152, FENCHURCH ST., E.C. (opp. Rood Lane).  
84, HIGH HOLBORN, W.C. (next to Stadium).  
26a, GOLDHAWK ROAD, W. (nr. Shepherd's Bush Empire).  
71, 73, 73a, CAMDEN RD., Camden Town, N.W.  
Benson & Co., Ltd. \*Est. 1905



For trousseaux, for baby clothes, for all serviceable underwear, white Tarantulle has long been famous. The addition of a range of dainty, indelible colors provides for all lingerie needs in the same dependable fabric.

## TARANTULLE

THE WORLD'S ACCEPTED COTTON LINGERIE FABRIC

White: Standard 1/9, Fine 2/3, Superfine 2/9.  
Colors: Fine Weight only, 2/6 per yard. All 40 inches wide. See Name on Selvedge.

A Footst Line.

PATTERNS FREE from Tootals, Dept. C20,  
32, Cheapside, London, E.C. 2.



# BOURNVILLE COCOA

**7 1/2 D 1/4 lb**  
1 lb-1/2 1 lb-2 1/4

## HOW TO MAKE DELICIOUS DRINKING CHOCOLATE WITH BOURNVILLE COCOA.

For a large cup put into a saucepan a level dessert-spoonful of Cocoa and an equal amount of sugar (or more to taste) with half a cup of water. When **BOILING** add half a cup of cold milk. **BOIL** again for one minute. Whisk and serve hot.

See the name "CADBURY" on every piece of Chocolate

## Stagg & Mantle Ltd.

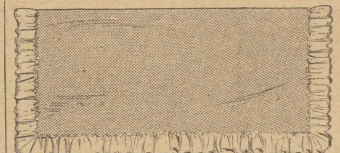
### EXCEPTIONAL OFFER

#### IN

## LACE CURTAINS

10 Remnants Bleached Linen Damask Table cloths  
Size 2 x 24  
ds. Each **13/6**  
Worth 25/11 each.

200 Dainty White open-work Duchesse Sets  
Each **5/6**  
Postage 2d.  
Worth 8/11 each.



DMR 500.—230 Pairs good quality plain Muslin Curtains, in White only, with gathered frills on both sides and bottom, as illustration, 57in. wide and 3 yards long.  
**SPECIAL PRICE, PER PAIR 9/6**  
Worth 12/11. Post 1d.  
3 Pairs Post Free.

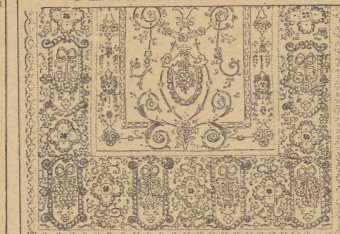
34 Yards long.  
**SPECIAL PRICE, PER PAIR 10/6**  
Worth 14/11.



DMR 501.—The "CLOVELLY." Handsome Ribbon and Basket design Scotch Lace Curtain, as illustration. In White and Ivory shade. 3yd. long, 50ins. wide.  
**SALE PRICE, PER PAIR 8/11**  
Usual Price 10/11 Per Pair.  
Postage 9d. Two pairs Post Free.



DMR 502.—The "ECLESFON." Good quality Scotch Lace Curtain. Wreath and Spot Centre. With Ribbon and Empire Border. 3 yards long; 48 inches wide. In Ivory or White.  
**SALE PRICE, PER PAIR 7/6**  
Postage 9d. Two Pairs Post Free.  
Usual Price 9/11 Per Pair.



DMR 503.—The "IVANHOE." Superior quality Scotch Lace Curtain. Empire Scroll centre with Ribbon and Rose panel border. In Ivory or White, 60ins. wide. 3yds. long.  
**SALE PRICE, PER PAIR 10/6**  
Usual Price 14/11 Per Pair.  
34 yards long. **SPECIAL PRICE, PER PAIR 12/6**  
Usual Price 16/11 Per Pair.

**STAGG & MANTLE, LTD.,**  
Leicester Square, LONDON, W.C.



# Daily Mirror

MONDAY, MARCH 26, 1923.

## AN APRIL EASTER?

IS the time near when we shall hear no more of that old question: "When does Easter fall this year?"

This year, it falls at the end of March; but its varying incidence between March and April certainly makes for great confusion and inconvenience in a world running on mechanical wheels.

Nor is there any ecclesiastical, any dogmatic, justification for this dislocation of the year by a shifting Easter.

The paschal controversy is indeed co-eval with the Feast. It has disturbed the Churches since their foundation, and it seems a pity that the great Emperor Constantine did not fix a date, as well as a day, when he ordained that all should celebrate Easter upon the Sunday after the Jewish passover.

That insufficient ruling led only to fierce controversies about varying calendars, and we got the complicated rule that Easter-day is "always the first Sunday after the full moon which happens upon or next after the twenty-first day of March." This sounds more like an income tax form than a liturgical direction.

But at last a great effort is being made to fix the Twentieth Century Easter—for the sake of schools and of workers everywhere.

Let it be fixed late, in April, so that the weather may possibly help the hope implied by the great festival.

## "A POPULAR BUDGET."

THE Chancellor of the Exchequer has just told us that he is very anxious to have what is called "a popular Budget."

So is every Chancellor! Unpopular Budgets hurt the Governments responsible for them, as well as the taxpayers who pay for them.

How then can a model Chancellor proceed to be popular?

Not by sweetly explaining away extravagant charges. Not by favouring one industry at the expense of another. Not by high-moral appeals to the citizen to shoulder his burden like a man.

Only by striving in and out of season to curb the prancing policies and the adventurous expensive instincts of his colleagues in the Cabinet.

"The jingoes demand money for the wars they help to promote," said Sir William Harcourt, the last of economical Chancellors, "then complain that I make some of them pay!"

In other words, "popular"—or economical—finance must depend on policy. And so, if Mr. Stanley Baldwin loves applause, let him endeavour to increase his colleagues' "regret that we ever went" to the deserts of the East.

## OXFORD AND AMERICA.

TO judge by a few remarks overheard by the riverside on Saturday, certain patriots of sport were a little disturbed by the fact that it was an American who stroked the Oxford boat to victory.

Another American in the boat, too! There were visions of a bad time coming when Oxford may retire in favour of Harvard and Yale.

The towpath critic is to be blamed for these rather ungenerous fears.

It has not yet come to that, and meanwhile it is in the true tradition of a great University to make no distinction among those who come to her, far or near, for her instruction and athletic opportunities.

Could Oxford say to the Rhodes scholars: "We give you only a partial welcome. With us, you may use your brains, but not your muscles?" No; her hospitality must be unstinted! A Harvard man who enjoys her training is an Oxford man as well.

W. M.

## THROUGH "THE MIRROR."

Our Air Defences—Wireless Piracy—The After-Dinner Bore—Cruelty and Drink—Modern Lovers.

### MONEY WASTED.

WE could easily be well-defended in the air if the taxpayers' money was properly spent.

The point for all voters to bear in mind is this—we pay more than £120,000,000 a year for the three services and yet are by common consent at the mercy of any Power with a strong air fleet.

I am glad to see that your leaders call attention to this monstrous paradox and recommend a better use of the enormous sums now spent mainly on obsolete armaments.

T. L. C. Richmond.

### CRUELTY AND DRINK.

YOUR correspondent, Miss Marjorie Curtis, arraigns me for declaring that the Bishops and clergy make no protest against the "cheap cruelty" sentences.

However, if they really, as she says, take an

### "NO RETICENCE!"

"TO wear their hearts on telegraph forms" is how Mr. Justice Hill expressed the tendency of some people to exhibit their affections at large.

It seems that young lovers are very unblushing, and the way they behave in public is frequently rather surprising.

Endearing terms are not even reserved for letters and wires; telephone conversations are of a nature that once was reserved for private life.

All this is not very dignified! CRINOLINE.

### FRENCH BY EAR.

WIRELESS telegraphy has made another step forward.

A French lesson, sent from Paris, has been received in England. The experiment promises to be a boon to parents, who know that the proper accent can only be learned in its country.

## WHEN WE GET STATE EQUALITY IN EVERYTHING!

IT WILL BE UNFORTUNATE FOR STOUT PEOPLE WHEN CLOTH IS METED OUT IN EQUAL QUANTITIES



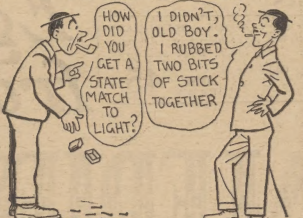
PARADE OF STATE MANNEQUINS.



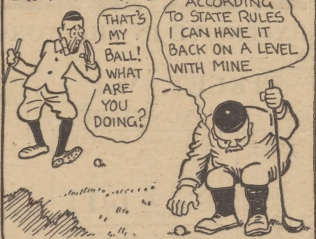
THE CIGARS PROVIDED BY THE STATE—



— AND THE MATCHES.



EQUALITY IN GAMES



FINALLY, EQUALITY IN SIZE



Life will certainly be even more hedged in by bureaucratic regulations than it is at present.

"intense and practical interest" in any work that is going forward to prevent it, permit me to observe that they certainly follow the precept of not letting their left hand know the good their right hand doeth, for I do not believe anyone has heard any higher-placed member of the clergy making any public protest on the subject.

As to the relation between public-houses closing at a later hour and cruelty to children and animals, I think it will be found that in nine cases out of ten the most horrible acts of cruelty are perpetrated, not by people in an intoxicated condition, but by brutes in perfect possession of all their senses. From my experience, cruelty for the love of cruelty is a hideous but undeniable fact. But, of course, drunkenness is some sort of an excuse to plead, just as in the case of youthful offenders who plead that they "saw it on the pictures."

DOROTHY BUCK.  
Sturt House, Richmond-road, Twickenham.

### ANECDOTAGE.

GIVE me as the biggest of after-dinner bores the anecdotal man whose conversation consists of series of stories, "funny" or the reverse.

His every sentence begins with: "Do you know that story about So-and-so?"

If one says "yes" he looks offended—or produces an alternative story.

If one says "no" he tells his "chestnut" for the hundredth time.

N. N. B.

of origin, but who are unable to afford the journey for their children.

One day, perhaps, schools will be provided with cinemas in which a film-taken on the Boulevard des Italiens will be accompanied by a genuine conversation repeated by a loud speaker.

ENTENTE CORDIALE.

### WIRELESS "POACHERS."

REFERRING to Lord Gainford's statement during the course of the British Broadcasting Company's meeting on the 22nd inst. that "thousands of people are apparently content to listen for nothing," is it not a fact that a large majority of these "poachers" have been refused a licence simply because they have had the initiative to construct their own receiving sets?

I submit that there is no desire on the part of these people to evade payment of broadcasting fees.

Harrow.

E. M. JOHNSON.

### IN MY GARDEN.

MARCH 25.—Directly the soil is in a dry, friable condition hardy annuals may be sown. Although easy to grow these beautiful subjects only flower well if given proper treatment and careful attention.

The soil should be light and the position a sunny one. Sow very thinly, and later on thin out the young plants to several inches apart.

E. F. T.

## WHY SERVANTS ARE HARD TO FIND.

A WOMAN'S PROBLEM TO BE SETTLED BY WOMEN.

By ALEXIS BROOME.

"THE DAILY MIRROR" has not acquired the habit of commending his Majesty's Ministers for everything that they do; but it will not, I imagine, grudge a word of congratulation to Sir Montague Barlow on his appointment of a Parliamentary Committee to try and find out for us why female domestic servants are scarce.

It is all to the good, too, that the committee is to be composed exclusively of women, for the problem which it is set to solve is primarily a woman's problem; and I personally am disposed to rejoice at the decision to dispense, for once in a way, with the counsel of Miss Margaret Bondfield, who has too long been renowned as a Labour agitator to inspire confidence as an impartial inquirer.

Most satisfactory of all, however, is the announcement that the bearing of the dole upon this social embarrassment is to be diligently examined.

Most of the causes of the scarcity of cooks, parlour-maids, housemaids and "generals" are easier to state than to remove.

Other far less lucrative occupations are preferred by many girls for a great variety of reasons.

They do not like living under authority, in other people's houses, though that supervision may be very good for them; nor do they like taking orders from mistresses who have obtained the right to command, not by competence, but by the accident of birth or marriage.

### A WASTE OF MONEY?

Moreover, they feel that their own prospects of ascending in the social scale through marriage are less bright than those of the clerk, the typist and the shop girl.

Any one of these has, or thinks that she has until experience teaches her better, a fair chance of marrying, not perhaps a nobleman of high degree, but, at any rate, a prosperous commercial traveller or a shopkeeper in a good way of business.

The domestic servant, on the other hand, grows up in the belief that it is of little use for her to look higher than the bus conductor, the railway guard, the policeman or the plumber.

All these facts are plain to all of us; and there really is nothing to be done about them unless the ladies and gentlemen who write romantic novels can be persuaded to substitute twenties for typists in their engrossing and virtuous romances.

When we come to talk about the dole, however, the case is different.

Thanks to the existence of the dole, large numbers of young women who, if it were not for the dole, would be driven to qualify themselves for useful and profitable careers in domestic service, are subsidised as unemployed—waitresses, or other workers, more often out of a job than in one.

This, decidedly, is the aspect of the question which most wants looking into.

A flying squad of inspectors sent round the labour exchanges to find out what they were up to, and how much public money was being disbursed to young women who could easily "make good" in domestic situations, if they chose to do so, would probably make some very disturbing discoveries.

Is your life a struggle?  
Good looks will make it  
easier wherever you go  
and whatever you do.

Pomeroy Day Cream

2/6 a Vase.

At all Chemists and Stores.

Mrs. Pomeroy, Ltd., 29 Old Bond Street, London, W.





5/- in the £

OWING  
TO THE  
FAVOURABLE RATE OF EXCHANGE  
ALL OUR STOCK HAS BEEN  
REDUCED

5/- in the £

ORDER BY POST  
ALL GOODS SENT  
POST FREE.

NEW CATALOGUE  
SENT  
POST FREE.

5/- in the £

## HAT

01-911. — SMALL TURBAN  
OF JAPANESE STRAW.  
In all fashionable shades.  
Old Price £1 10s.  
NEW PRICE **23/-**

## COSTUME

25-761. — USEFUL COSTUME in good  
Gabardine with steel buttons. Coat  
lined throughout with silk. In all the  
newest shades.  
Old Price £5 10 0.  
NEW PRICE **£4.5.0**

## DRESSES

78-7029. — GOWN OF CREPE  
DE CHINE very prettily embro-  
idered all over, in all fashionable  
shades.  
Old Price £23 17  
NEW PRICE **£22.17.6**

78-3205. — WOOL MAROCAIN  
GOWN embroidered in self colour,  
in Navy, Black, Beige and Grey.  
Old Price 60/-  
NEW PRICE **45/-**

## KNITTED SILK JUMPER

4403. — KNITTED  
SILK JUMPER. Col-  
ours: Cherry, Coral,  
Salmon, Mauve, Jade,  
Beige, Silver, Rust,  
Gold and White. Old  
Price 16/11.  
NEW PRICE **12/9**

## PRINCESS SLIP

620. — EXCEPTIONAL OF-  
FER IN VOILE PRINCESS  
SLIP. White, Nattier, Jade,  
Vieux Rose and Lemon.  
Old Price 7/11.  
NEW PRICE **5/11**

## CAMI-PETTICOAT

85-1530. — CAMI-PETTI-  
COAT. In good quality  
Nainsook, trimmed with  
drawn thread work.  
Old Price 8/3.  
NEW PRICE **6/3**

## VEIL

85-0690. — READY  
MADE VEIL.  
Square shape,  
large hexagon  
mesh, with be-  
coming lace  
border. Black,  
Brown & Navy  
1 yd. square.  
Old Price 3/6.  
NEW PRICE **2/9**

## KIMONO

71-5301. — Printed  
CREPON KI-  
MONO. Col-  
ours: Royal and  
Jade. Old Price  
16/3.  
NEW PRICE **12/6**

## KNITTED GOODS

21-544. — KNITTED WOOLLEN DRESS.  
Colours: White, Navy, Beige, Rust, Nigger,  
Gold, Coral, Mauve, Silver, Grey & Cherry.  
Old Price 16/11.  
NEW PRICE **12/9**

21-4571. — FASHIONABLE SPECKLED  
KNITTED COSTUME. New shaped coat.  
Colours: Grey-White, Beige-White, Navy,  
White. Old Price 55/6.  
NEW PRICE **41/6**

## SCARF

21-1570. — Dainty  
BRUSH WOOL  
SCARF. Light  
weight. 72ins. long  
21ins. wide. Old  
Price 8/11.  
NEW PRICE **6/9**

## WRAP

18-1143. — INEXPENSIVE  
MARABOUT WRAP. In  
Black, Grey and Natural.  
Seven strands. 21ins. long.  
Old Price 11/8.  
NEW PRICE **8/9**

## Crepe de Chine JUMPER

22-8038. — SMART CREPE DE CHINE  
JUMPER. Waistcoat effect, collar and  
front of Oriental Ratine, in Rust, Cham-  
pagne and White.  
Old Price 18/11.  
NEW PRICE **14/3**

## COATS

87-19002. — USEFUL GABARDINE  
COAT, finished with large belt  
and buckle, in all the newest  
shades.  
Old Price 53/-  
NEW PRICE **42/-**

87-19216. — SMART NEW COAT in  
FINE GABARDINE, embroidered  
self coloured braid, lined throughout  
silk in all the newest shades.  
Old Price £8 0 0  
NEW PRICE **£6.0.0**

## CORSET

24-918. — WELL-  
SHAPED CORSET.  
Good quality Tricot,  
one side steel only,  
very comfortable  
shape, two sets of sus-  
pender. In White,  
Pink and Blue. Sizes  
21 to 31ins. Old Price  
5/11.  
NEW PRICE **5/11**

# GALERIES LAFAYETTE

MOST UP TO DATE AND INEXPENSIVE IN THE WORLD

PARIS — LYON — NICE

188-196, REGENT STREET, W.1

## BAG

57-38. — EXCEPTIONAL  
BLACK SILK BAG. Em-  
brodered with beads,  
nicely lined centre division  
and mirror.  
Old Price 4/6.  
NEW PRICE **4/11**

## LISLE HOSE

118-23. — GOOD QUALITY  
MERCERISED  
LISLE STOCKINGS.  
Full fashioned in different  
shades.  
Old Price 3/6.  
NEW PRICE **2/11**

## APRON

VERY USEFUL WHITE  
MUSLIN APRON. Hem-  
stitched all round. Very  
smart shape.  
Old Price 2/11.  
NEW PRICE **2/3**

## GLOVES

43-88. — REAL FRENCH  
PIQUE DOESKIN  
GLOVES, 2 Buttons, for  
everyday wear. In White,  
Natural and Sable. WASH-  
ABLE. Tan and Grey.  
UNWASHABLE.  
Old Price 4/11.  
NEW PRICE **3/11**

43-94. — FINE FRENCH  
LISLE GLOVES, 3 buttons.  
Ideal for summer wear. In  
Black, White, Champagne,  
Putty, Tan and Grey.  
Old Price 1/8.  
NEW PRICE **1/3**

## DUCHESS SET

109. — EXQUISITE DUCH-  
ESS SET. Shade of Old  
Ecru lace, well finished.  
The set of 4 pieces.  
Old Price 23/6.  
NEW PRICE **17/11**

## SUNSHADE

68-13. — Smart SUNSHADE  
in Sillesienne, with wood  
handle. In White, Black,  
Navy, Nigger, Cherry,  
Purple and Champagne.  
Old Price 8/11.  
NEW PRICE **6/11**

## SILK HOSE

118-27. — FRENCH SILK  
STOCKINGS, full fash-  
ioned with clox, reinforced  
with Lisle.  
Old Price 8/11.  
NEW PRICE **6/11**

## BELT

130. — LEATHER BELT.  
Trimmed coloured leather  
flowers. In Black, Navy, Red,  
Nigger, Royal and Jade.  
Old Price 3/2.  
NEW PRICE **3/11**

## PETTICOAT

101. — USEFUL SATIN  
PETTICOAT (trimmed small  
tucks. In White, Black, Flesh  
and Beige.  
Old Price 15/11.  
NEW PRICE **12/-**

## LINGERIE

55-135. — SIMPLE CHE-  
MISE. In fine Nainsook,  
trimmed with drawn  
thread work.  
Old Price 5/3.  
NEW PRICE **4/-**  
55-135 bis. — KNICKERS,  
closed shape.  
NEW PRICE **3/9**  
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# TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

News and Views About Men, Women and Affairs in General



Miss Edith Stamp-Taylor, daughter of Col. Stamp-Taylor. She is achieving success on the London stage.



Miss Edwina Ashley, who is engaged to Mr. W. C. Gully, of Thebydon Hall, Essex.

## ROYAL EASTER PLANS.

Lady Curzon's Dinner Party—Boxing Friends—The Prince's Evening.

THE KING and QUEEN are expected to spend a brief holiday at Sandringham over Easter, and will be joined there by at least three of their sons—the Prince, Prince Henry, and Prince George. The Duke of York's plans are not yet definitely settled, but in any case he will be busy with wedding arrangements. The holiday will enable the members of the Royal Family to be together for Prince Henry's twenty-third birthday on Saturday.

### Floral Pillars.

Mrs. Wilfrid Ashley should feel flattered, for the floral pillars which were such a feature in the church at Miss Edwina Ashley's wedding, and which were her idea, are to be copied for the marriage of Miss Gwendolyn Field. Miss Field, however, is to have hers carried out in daffodils instead of delphiniums. They should cheer up considerably the old church of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, and the effect will be very spring-like and pretty.

### To Madeira.

Lord and Lady Carson have gone to Madeira for a fortnight. They left London on Friday, and sailed on the Union Castle liner Arundel Castle. Lady Carson—who is devoted to country life—said the other day that she always wants to spend as much time in the country as possible. Later on they will go over to Ulster. Lord Carson has not been well, and needs a rest and a sea voyage.

### Suavity and Success.

Mr. J. A. Compston, K.C., who is to preside over the court of inquiry into the South Wales coal export trade, began as a solicitor. Suavity personified, his progress at the Bar has been remarkable, for he has none of the gifts or tricks of the great advocate. But he is noted for his sound knowledge of the law and has always suffered gladly any outburst of judicial humour, genial or querulous. He treats even the poorest jokes from the Bench with the utmost good humour.

### Back to "Ad Lib."

On the bill-of-fare of a City restaurant yesterday I discovered something which I had not seen since the early days of the war. It was: "Bread, ad lib., id."

### Kissed by Lafayette.

A new object of interest has been found for Americans visiting France, and pilgrimages are being made to a little village in the South of France to see the last living link with Lafayette, the French general, who took part in the American War of Independence, and whom Americans call the "Liberator of America." They go to see a Mme. Gaillard, who is 104 years old, and who claims to have been kissed by Lafayette when she was a child.

### Her Dinner Party.

Lady Curzon of Kedleston carried out her usual custom of giving her big dinner party the other night in the ballroom at the Curzon residence in Carlton House-terrace, instead of in the dining-room. This had the double advantage of being more spacious and of arranging everything on the one floor. Her dinner parties are extremely exclusive, and invitations are eagerly sought after.



Lady Curzon.

### "Fig" Sunday.

Palm Sunday, which was observed yesterday, is still known in certain country places as "Fig Sunday," and it is an old custom for people to eat fig puddings on this anniversary. The habit is supposed to be connected with the story in the Gospel of the cursing of the barren fig tree.

### Maudy Money.

The distribution of Maundy money will take place at Westminster Abbey next Thursday, when, according to the age-old custom, a number of persons who have fallen on evil times will receive alms. As the King is fifty-eight this year, so there will be fifty-eight men and fifty-eight women who will benefit. Silver pennies, twopences and threepences, specially made at the Mint, will be given out in little white purses and sovereigns in red purses.

### Souvenir Hunters.

It is not often that any of the recipients of Maundy money get much farther than the nearest exit with their alms. American visitors, whose passion for relics of past ages is world renowned, wait outside and purchase the coins for modern currency far above their face value. I hear that one aged receiver of alms took £5 for a twopenny piece.

### Powdered Hats.

The latest fashion novelty in Paris, my correspondent informs me, is the powdered hat. The powder, which is of a shade contrasting with that of the hat, is applied with a compressed air apparatus, and the effect is very charming, with changing tints like those of a butterfly's wing.

### Boxing Friends.

Eddie Egan, the American Rhodes scholar and champion heavy-weight boxer of Oxford, is a close friend of the Marquis of Douglas and Clydesdale, who has been punching miners and riveters up in Scotland. He is a frequent visitor to the latter's home, where, I presume, their happy evenings terminate with a couple of three-minute rounds, with perhaps the butler as referee.

### American Athletes.

There is another American champion boxer up at Oxford. This is Mr. F. W. Harold, a welter-weight, who when he is not in the ring entertains a circle of friends with a song. Lady Lee of Fareham was greatly amused at one of his "turns" at the Rhodes scholars' party at the American Dance Club the other night.



Mr. F. W. Harold.

### The Prince's Evening.

The Prince of Wales was unable, after all, to follow the Boat Race, a previous engagement keeping him away. But he enjoyed the festivities in the evening. I saw him with Captain Metcalfe, his equerry, at "The Midnight Follies." Lord and Lady Londonderry (wearing a wonderful bracelet of diamonds and pearls) were, among others, watching the fun. The Prince did not dance.

### Did Cambridge Lead?

I saw the race from the Cambridge University Boat Club at Chiswick, where official descriptions were wireless at intervals. Incidentally, Cambridge think they led by a quarter of a length at the early stage of the race. Gordon Thomson, the Cantab coach, I know, is of that opinion, and the Cantab wireless messages were to that effect.

### Jacobite Drama in London.

"Campbell of Kilnhar," the one-act tragedy by J. A. Ferguson, which the Scottish National Players will present in London this week, is regarded by many Scots as a literary gem. Dr. Insh, Lecturer on Literature at Glasgow University, declares that in grace and effectiveness of diction it is a "little masterpiece" and stands unrivalled by the work of any other Scottish dramatist. I am told that this is the first time in history that a Jacobite drama has been produced in London.

### Troon's Golf Course.

The golfing folk of Troon, I hear, have made every effort to render their famous old course worthy of the golfing giants who will fight the open championship over it in June. New bunkers have been dug, and round their banks have been planted clumps of the bent which grows so profusely on the sand dunes of the seaside course. The newly-planted bent has not yet begun to grow, and its scattered appearance along the back of a bunker is, says my informant, reminiscent of a well-worn toothbrush.

### Birthdays in March.

To be born in March might easily be taken as a sign of being born with histrionic ability. Here are a few of the theatrical favorites who will celebrate their birthdays this month: March 23, Gilbert Hare; March 25, Ronald Squire and Robert Hale; March 26, Sir Gerald du Maurier, Albert de Courville and Julian Royce; March 27, Joseph Coyne.

### The Right Time.

Clocks on churches and public buildings have always been a puzzle to people with expensive chronometers—and cheap mass production watches, too. They are, however, always safe when Big Ben strikes the hour. The striking mechanism of the clock is synchronised with Greenwich, so they need feel no alarm when the four-faced clock indicates "a minute to" or "a minute past."

### "Wireless Alley."

A certain road in a well-known residential district in N.W. London is becoming known as "Wireless Alley." Out of its forty-three houses over twenty-four are inhabited by radio-users—a goodly proportion of whom have constructed their own sets. It is said that the usual gardening chatter among the residents is being superseded by wireless gossip.

### Another Limerick.

Here is a limerick written by an incurable punster:—

A careful young fellow named Beebe  
Wished to marry a damsel named Phaebe;  
But said he, "I must see  
What the clerical fee  
Be before Phaebe be Phaebe Beebe."

### The Shakespeare Test.

In the works of Théodore de Banville, whose centenary has just been celebrated, I have come across a really delightful eulogy of Shakespeare. "Humanity," wrote the French poet, "may be divided into two parts: people who like Shakespeare, and the spies in the pay of the police."



Hon. Pamela Boscawer, who has just left London for Italy for a short holiday.



A new portrait of Sir W. B. Savory, who has been appointed Sheriff for Buckinghamshire.

### A Beggar's Union!

Evidently the news that a beggar's trade union was recently instituted in Italy has reached Warsaw, for mendicants in the Polish capital have just assembled in congress and decided to mark another epoch in the history of mendicancy. Among the regulations that are to govern their profession in future are—that no beggar will be allowed to work to the detriment of another beggar.

### Frightfulness for Flies.

A German invention, which is to be placed upon the market this summer, will, I hear, do much to stop the fly nuisance. The contrivance is very ingenious. It consists of steel wires which are connected with an electric switch. When the "gadgets" glow the curiosity of the flies is excited. They fly to investigate and are promptly electrocuted.

### Glasgow "Tube."

The Glasgow authorities, I am told, are considering plans for the digging of an underground railway. Traffic congestion has become so bad that the Second City is going to model its vehicular plans on those of London.

### The Difference.

At a certain preparatory school the boys were told to write down as one of the questions in their general knowledge paper at the end of the term the difference between a biography and an autobiography. One boy, who must have heard his elders discussing some recent diaries, wrote down: "A biography is about a good man, such as a Bishop; but a naughty biography is the life of a lady."

THE RAMBLER.



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Knowledge

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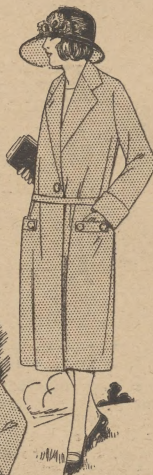


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The shapely Patent toe, the smart London cut uppers, graceful instep support and beautifully curved seams all unite to make as pretty and smart a shoe as any lady could desire. Two comfy widths with the back stay well stiffened and moulded to give an easy, perfect grip without slipping and worn home. Smart military heel, back quarters leather lined, solid leather insoles, solid English leather soles stitched on handsewn principle, giving a remarkable flexibility. Get the shoes in your hand and you will be even more enthusiastic about the value than we are. Such quality for 15/9 is simply astounding the trade.

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"Work hard in it. Play hard in it"



If unable to obtain the patterns that appeal to you from your local draper, write to Grafton's, 49 Watling Street, London, E.C.4, who will arrange for a good selection to be sent post free. Look for "Grafton" stamped on the selvage.

THIS is the cloth for hard wear, either as ladies' house-dresses and overalls, or as children's frocks. It has many of the qualities of linen and none of its disadvantages—washes excellently, cannot shrink and does not crush. It is a cloth of "Grafton" durability and its designs will refresh you.

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Ask also for Grafton's Chiffonelle (delicate yet durable, for lingerie and summer dresses), Grafton's Voile—the original—for dresses, and Grafton's Cretonne and Homecraft (the best fabrics for furnishing) with broad, plain selvages for piping. All "Grafton Fabrics" are of faithful quality.

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## MISCELLANEOUS.

ARE you fat? Nature's only remedy, Thinsu Tablets, in plain wrapper, P.O. 1s. 6d.—Thinsu Co., 12, Lambert House, Ludgate Hill, E.C.4.  
B. LACK Beelies—Kilbeet Powder positive certain death to these pests: tins, 2s. 3s. 6d. (post 4d., 6d.).—Kilbeet Co. (Dp. B), 39, Bishopsgate, E.C.2.  
D. shade and reprobed; Ladies 7s. 6d., Gent's 8s. 6d.; French Coats 8s. 6d.; Franco-Barbe treatment restores the original smartness and t-t-wa shade—tick the usual strictly washed-out look; post parcel to-day; return postage is paid; send for Fleur-de-Lys interesting story price 1d., giving full details of Franco-Barbe Cleaning, Dyeing and Repairing Suits, Costumes, etc.—Address Dept. M.L., Castlebank Dyeworks, Anniesland, Glasgow.  
THE Daily Mirror Contest—Competitors will be wise to enter before the closing date—Navyana, Ltd., 518, Oxford-street, Marble Arch, W.  
£100 SINGING, 250 Piano Competitions.—Prospectus, Clifton Coker, 561, Galford-st. W.C.1.

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IMPORTANT to Ladies—Tucpees, tails, transformations, wigs and all kinds of hair-work at less than half usual prices; illustrated catalogue post free.—Dept. C, Midland Hair Mfg. Co., 24-26, Rotherhithe, Nottingham.  
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A Happy Family of Pets Whose Comical Adventures Are Famous Throughout the World

## IF WE COULD CHANGE.

At Home.

MY DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS,— Sometimes I wish I weren't a grown-up uncle, with a bank balance and an office to work in. I long to be a schoolboy again, with no cares or worries—nothing to think about except footer and picnics, and long, delightful days in the country.

I know you will say, "Yes, that's all very fine. But what about school? And masters? And lessons? And the silly rules and regulations we mustn't break? And the other unpleasant things we boys and girls have to put up with?" Well, I'm not so grown-up that I can't remember all the worries of school life, and I confess that I should hate to have a fierce master standing over me with a cane and saying: "You little young scamp! When will you begin to show

some signs of intelligence?" (That was what masters were always saying to me!) But just about now—when holidays are beginning and spring has arrived—you must admit you have a very jolly time.

This week you will break up for the short Easter holiday—that jolly little holiday which gives you a hint of the six or seven weeks of delightful idleness waiting for you in the summer.

Now is the time that I should like to change with you. You could become Uncle Dick, and I would become you. Of course, as soon as school started again I should want to be Uncle Dick once more!

Alas! such a state of things is impossible (without a magic lamp, or a magician, or something); so I must wait patiently until the summer, when I have my holiday, and I am free to pretend that I am a boy again!

Your affectionate  
Uncle Dick.

## MR. MOLE CHATS.

What He Said to Our Special Animal Interpreter.

OUR Special Animal Interpreter (who knows the language of all the birds and beasts) was taking an early morning stroll in the country when he met a busy little mole hurrying along with his nose on the ground.

"Here, look where you're going!" cried our Interpreter. "You've splashed some mud over my trousers!"

"Sorry," mumbled the mole. "I'm looking for slugs. Seen any about here?"

"Slugs? Why, have you got tired of worms?" "I never get tired of worms," sighed Mr. Mole, "but there aren't many about where I live. You see, there's not much water there, and so there aren't many worms either. I've dug a deep well to let the water in, but it only dribbles, dribbles—

"Dug a well! That's rather clever, isn't it?"

"Just like you humans!"

"You think all we animals are as stupid as sheep! Moles, my dear sir, can dig a real shaft a long way under the ground, quite as well as any miner. If we dig deep enough we come to water before long; and, where there is water there is worms. (That may not be grammar, but it's truth!)"

"You should see my burrow. Catch a human digging a burrow like mine! Tunnels and passages, all running into each other, two reception rooms, five bedrooms and a kitchen, all furnished with fur and leaves—that's my home, sir, built by myself!"

"We work all the year round, sir. We don't sleep through the winter, like the lazy dormice! Winter or summer, we work—toiling underground like so many jolly little miners. We never rest, except to eat. You'd think people would let us alone—such quiet, hard-working folk as we are. But, bless you, the foxes can't leave a body to himself, not they; and the owls are positively blood-thirsty, sir! They chase us the instant we poke our noses out of doors!"

"But, bless me, isn't that a fat worm over there? Excuse me!" And, with a scurry of feet, Mr. Mole darted off like lightning.

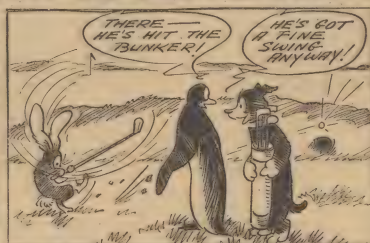
## PRIZEWINNERS.

Here are the prizewinners in the competition announced on March 10: First Prize (£2 10s.)—M. Baffy (age 14), Chelms. Second Prize (£2)—F. Davidson (age 13), N.1. Third Prize (£1 10s.)—J. Archer (age 13), Southgate. Forty Prizes of 5s.—J. Harte, C. Marsh (Westbury-on-Trym), R. Mason, I. Friedman, D. Prior, S. Jones (S.E. 5), W. Paramount, B. McKay, D. Mayes, R. Weston, R. Woods (Walsford), A. Cass, E. Dawer, G. Hugo, D. Beale, R. Ingram, M. McNale, E. Brown (Southampton), F. Collins (Orpington), E. Gasson, P. Beard, S. Lawrence (Hilling), B. Stillwell, E. Fry, D. Wilson, M. Irvine, M. Cross, B. Morris, R. Freehand, W. Warner, P. Pockington, A. Nicholls, E. Hamilton, G. Dixon, P. Wain, P. Price, E. Linnett. Forty Prizes of Half-Crowns have also been awarded.

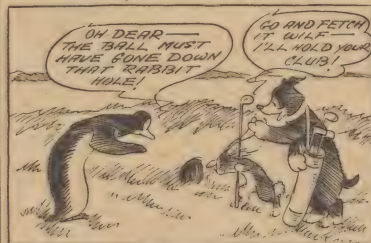
## WILFRED PLAYS GOLF AFTER HIS OWN FASHION!



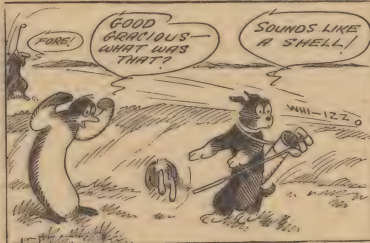
1. Wilfred, you will be surprised to hear, has taken up golf. He is quite enthusiastic.



2. The first shot he took drove the ball straight into a rabbit hole in the bunker!



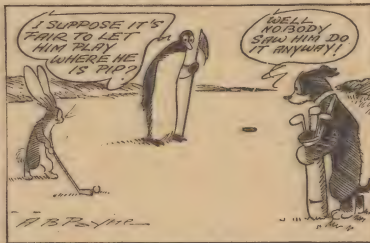
3. "Oh, dear, how are we going to get it back?" cried Squeak. Wilfred solved the problem.



4. He dived down the hole. Just then another golfer sent his ball whizzing by Pip's nose!



5. Meanwhile, Wilfred had found the ball—and come out the other side of the bunker!



6. The result was that he finished the game in two shots! He will make a great golfer!



Said the Sparrow, "My dear Bunny Rabbit, You really are getting decrepit. Why wear such shoes? What you need is Freetoze. The best of all shoes for a Rabbit."

(Continued next Monday).

It is the mishapen boots and shoes worn in childhood that cause the after foot troubles. "Freetoze" are built on nature form lasts, and give all the necessary support, while allowing perfect freedom of growth.

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A Great Goldwyn Picture.

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## Thick Lustrous Hair Kept So By Cuticura.

At night, touch spots of dandruff and itching with Cuticura Ointment. Next morning shampoo with a soda of Cuticura Soap and hot water. Rub with tepid water. Keep your scalp clean and healthy and your hair will be abundant.

Soap is, Cuticura is, 3d. Ointment is, 3d. and 2s. 6d. Sold throughout the Empire. British Depot: F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd., 27, Charterhouse St., London, E.C.1.  
Cuticura Soap shaves without mug.

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Carriage paid on all orders. This is guaranteed to be the genuine "POLESTAR" Brand, and you buy it on the distinct understanding of money-back if not delighted. Thousands of unasked-for letters testify to the marvellous value and wonderful results obtained from Polestar Artificial Spin Silk. Its durability is renowned and its lustre improves with washing.

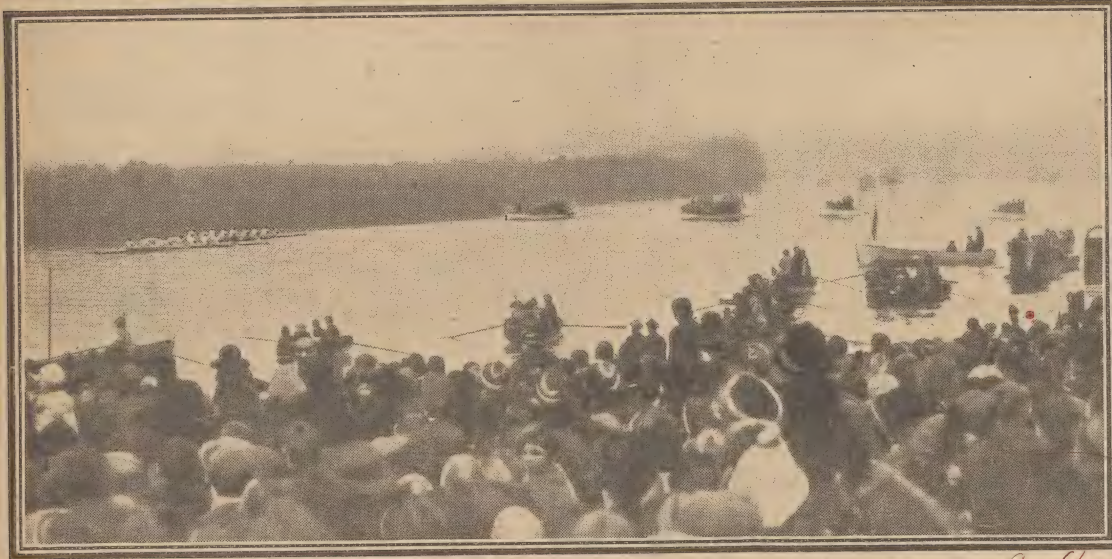
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# DAY OF VICTORY FOR OXFORD UNIVERSITY—ON THE RIVER AND O



Just before the finish at Mortlake, when Cambridge made a last desperate attempt at the victory which Oxford held securely in hand. 1886



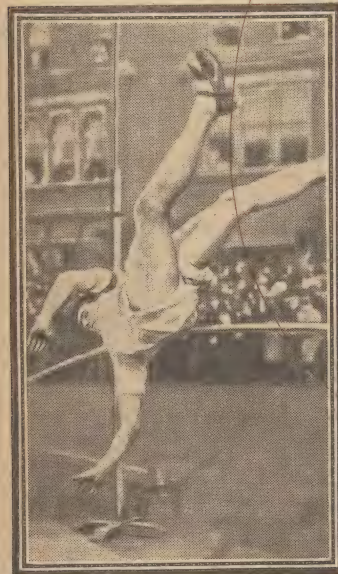
A youngster caught in the crowd pa



First flight in hurdles. R. Stapleton, Oxford, on right, winner.



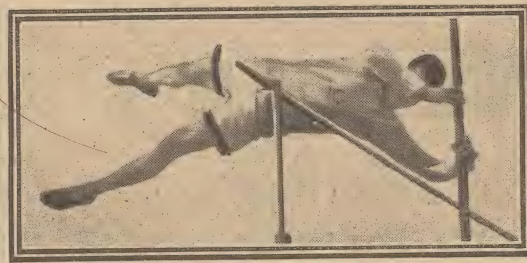
Just a bit of the crowd at Barnes. There was not much room to spare.



F. M. R. Stephenson, Cambridge, landing on his hands in high jump.



W. B. Michener, Oxford, winning the mile in four minutes, twenty-five seconds.



D. R. Michener, Oxford, winning the pole jump. He cleared ten feet six inches. Second and third tied at ten feet three inches.



The Earl of Balfour, who attended the Boat Race, discussing the chances of the rival crews.

A vast crowd assembled to watch the battle of the Blues on the Thames. It was a struggle grimly fought by the Cambridge crew, but Oxford always had the advantage and seemed to have plenty in hand had they been pressed more severely. While

Oxford was achieving victory on the waterway, its representatives were doing equally well in the athletic battle at Queen's Club, beating Cambridge by seven events to four. Seldom has the senior university had a more successful day in the domain of sport.



Sir Eric Galt, notable actor, in a scene from a play.

SPORT AND ACTRESS



# FLOCK TO GOLDSBOROUGH FROM ALL OVER YORKSHIRE



are the King, Princess Mary, Archbishop of York.



The Queen with Lord Lascelles talking with Lady Evelyn Collins. Following them are the King and Princess Mary.



nurse, the Queen, Princess Mary and Lord Lascelles, and to their left the King. parish church of Princess Mary's son. The Queen was godmother to her first grandchild.



V.C.'s MOTHER.—Mrs. Rivers, mother of a Derby V.C. who was killed, was given the freedom of the borough at the same time as the Duke of Devonshire and Earl Haig.



Sir Eric Geddes leaving the ceremony, at which he was a notable guest.



STAGE AND SPORT WEDDING.—Miss Nancie Lovat, the actress, and her bridegroom, Mr. Cecil Langlands, the Epsom trainer, after their wedding at St. Columba's, Pont-street.



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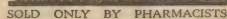
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Send your order with remittance and 1/- extra for postage, or cash, and make your selection. Payment is refunded in full for any pair unsatisfactory. *Both these models can be obtained at all Dolcis Soares stores.*


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GOLF AND TENNIS BELT, as illustrated below. An ideal garment for Sports Wear, made in White Broche, with sections of Fancy Elastic, closed back, four hose supporters. Available in the following sizes: 21 to 28. BARKER PRICE Each

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No. 0123—CORSET BRASSIERE as illustration above. Made of fine cloth in a charming flesh colour, elastic over hips with four hose supporters, look at back. Available in the following sizes: 22 to 42. Early application strongly advised. Price 9/11 Postage 4d. Model No. 302 (not illustrated). Similar shape to No. 0123. In plain Pink Broche, limited quantity only. Early application advised. Price 6/11 Postage 6d.

GOLF AND TENNIS BELT John Barker and Compy Ltd Kensington W 8

## Vanities for Women

LACE BAGS—BRIDESMAIDS' HATS—MONKEY FUR.

WHAT does Nottingham lace convey to your mind? Little suburban villas with lace curtains and aspidistras in every window? That is what it has always meant to me—until the Duchess of Portland and Lady Henry Bentinck showed me what Nottingham could do and does do! "People pay prohibitive prices for Paris 'creations' trimmed with Nottingham lace—meantime we starve," added a Nottingham woman bitterly.

### LACE YEAR.

So this year is to be a lace year, please, and if you cannot afford whole lace frocks, at any rate see that whatever lace you buy is made in England!

### BAGS.

Lady Henry Bentinck showed me the cunningest dolly bag that the Countess of Beville had made her to wear with her lace frock. It had a grotesque head with a red hair covered by a frilled cap of lace and a lace over-skirt of point d'Aleçon to cover a pink silk harem skirt.

### HATS.

Lace hats—especially for bridesmaids, large or small—are made with wire foundations, wide brims, high crowns and long ribbons to hang at the back. Sometimes they are piped with some colour, sometimes left quite plain—the most becoming way!

### A MATERIAL.

Then there is a silk and wool dress fabric they make in Nottingham which gives a two-toned effect just like the old brocades. It's made in all colours and is ideal for summer dresses—summer seems a long way off, but "summer-time" will be upon us before we know where we are!

MONKEY fur remains with us! But for summer wear I fancy we shall see white, or black and white, used more than that shiny black that, round the neck, makes us look as if we'd forgotten to dress our hair. This trims quite a number of the new opera cloaks already, as well as those smart lace or embroidered coats that will be essential this summer. It needs care, of course—frequent shaking or beating with a whisk or cane.

### THE HALO.

Among the new theatre hats of lace the halo effect is very popular—and, of course, quite inappropriate to most of us! It can be made of the very finest silver lace or gold lace or the creamy Malines that Lady Elizabeth is making fashionable, and the halo brim need not have a crown unless you like to conceal the top of your head.

### THE CROWN.

We all aspire to queenhood of some kind—which must be why the new crown-shaped theatre head-dress is making such progress just now.

### NEW UMBRELLAS.

You need not any longer worry because your cheap umbrella proclaims its cheapness to the world by its slender stick and too small handle. The new ones, which are much less than £1 in price, are made the fashionable way, only cleverly stained wood is used instead of ivory. At a distance you cannot tell the difference. Don't forget to write your name in the strap though, so that you can identify it in the Lost Property Office!



Costume for the races in Burberry solar cloth.

## JUDGING BEAUTY.

500,000 Each Week in Our £2,500 Competition.

SEND YOUR ENTRY NOW.

Voting for entrants in *The Daily Mirror* £2,500 Beauty Competition has now become the most popular and interesting part of the contest. At least 500,000 coupons are being sent in each week.

To-day No. 3 coupon is printed for use in connection with this week's selection of twenty-four photographs, and once again the weekly prize of £100 is offered for the coupon that corresponds, or most nearly corresponds, to the general vote.

The winners of the first two weekly voting prizes will be announced at the earliest possible moment, but the immense task of registering the votes will occupy several days yet.

Photographs for the contest are arriving in thousands, and readers are warned not to wait for the final rush. The more quickly a photograph is sent in the better are its prospects of publication.

Entrants should write their name, age, and address on the back of each photograph, and enclose a stamped addressed envelope for its return at the close of the competition. All photographs should be addressed to: "The Editor, *Daily Mirror* Beauty Competition, 23-25, Boulevard-street, E.C.4."

## WHERE BETS ARE TAXED.

New South Wales Premier Explains Country's Successful Plan.

In view of the suggested betting tax in England, it is interesting to note the scheme of taxation in operation in New South Wales.

Sir George Fuller, Premier of New South Wales, who is on a visit to this country, explained in an interview that the first betting taxation Act was passed in 1915. This imposed taxes on racing clubs and associations, on bookmakers and on betting tickets.

Taxation was also imposed on all bookmakers' betting tickets, which was collected in stamp duty. Bookmakers had to furnish a monthly statement of the number of credit bets made and to pay stamp duty on them.

New South Wales adopted the totalisator in 1906, and all registered racing clubs and associations were required to establish an approved machine. There was also a further State tax on admission tickets to racecourses.

Thus in the aggregate these four forms of betting taxes yielded to the State £597,239 from a total population of only two millions.

## FIGHTING MARQUIS.

Duke's Son Beaten on Points by Riveter.

After a thrilling contest, the Marquis of Douglas and Clydesdale, the Duke of Hamilton's heir, has just missed winning the Scottish amateur boxing middle-weight championship at Glasgow.

He was beaten on points by F. J. Robinson, riveter, of the Leith Victoria Club, in the three-round contest. The Marquis has the true fighting spirit, and more will no doubt be heard of him in the ring.

## £2,500 BEAUTY COMPETITION VOTING COUPON.

(Valid only for use in connection with photographs published during the week ending Saturday, March 31st.)

To the Manager, Beauty Competition Dept., *The Daily Mirror*, 47, Lombard-lane, E.C.4.

My selection of the six most beautiful entrants in order of merit is as follows:—

Section I.		Section II.		Section III.	
1st	2nd	1st	2nd	1st	2nd

Indicate the photograph you select by letter only, printed in block letters. Six photographs must be selected.

I enter this competition upon and subject to the conditions published in *The Daily Mirror*, and agree to abide by such conditions and to accept the decision of the Editor upon all matters and questions which may arise in connection with this competition as final and conclusive and absolutely and legally binding upon me.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_ ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

This coupon will not be accepted if received later than the first post of Wednesday, April 4.

### IMPORTANT.

The coupon should be cut out now, ready for use in connection with the twenty-four selected photographs that will be published during this week. It must not be sent in until all the week's photographs have appeared.

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If any difficulty in obtaining "LUVISCA" please write to the manufacturers, C. W. L. & Co., Ltd., Dept. 36, 19, A. dermarbury, London, E.C.2, who will send you the name of the nearest retailer selling it, and, at our satisfaction will be immediately repaid.

"LUVISCA" the material par excellence for Shirts, Pyjamas, Soft Collars, etc.

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The ABDO is the Only Perfect Figure Reducing Corset, and is designed specially for the woman of generous proportions. Assures reduction of from 3 to 5 ins. without forfeiting one bit of comfort.

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**K942**—Pretty sports model suitable for slight or average figures. In White or Pink Coutil. Fitted silk elastic all round top. Rustproof spiral steel, 4 suspenders. Sizes 21 ins.—28 ins. Price **5/11** Postage 9 d.

**K308**—Low fitting model in White Coutil, trimmed embroidery, average or full figures. Duplex rustproof steel, 6 adjustable suspenders. Sizes 21 ins.—30 ins. Price **12/11** Postage Free.

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**ABDO 228**—In White or Dove Coutil as above but without elastic inset. Sizes 21 ins.—30 ins. Postage Free.

**ABDO 823**—New model, made in Pink Broche, fitted reinforced rust-proof duplex steel, 4 adjustable suspenders. Sizes 21 ins.—30 ins. Price **35/6** Postage Free.

**ABDO 804**—As above, made in White or Dove Coutil, fitted reinforced duplex steel, 4 adjustable suspenders. Sizes 21 ins.—30 ins. Price **27/11** Postage Free.

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# THIS DELIGHTFUL NEW SERIAL ROMANCE BEGINS TO-DAY

## THE WAY OF A MAN

By S. ANDREW WOOD



Peggy Beckett.

### CHAPTER I.

THE tap of Peggy Beckett's small heels, and the easy crunch of Archie Dugdale's brown shoes on the gravel of Hyde Park, seemed the only noise of human beings abroad at that hour.

True, the motor-buses were glinting along distant Piccadilly in a blue morning mist, the shutters of the millionaires' mansions on Park-lane were being opened by sleepy housemaids, and some hundreds of people were astrid in the immediate vicinity.

But, as the church clocks had only just struck seven, and the May dew still sparkled on the grass, the girl and the man were almost alone. The Serpentine, blue as a thrush's egg, stretched like some tranquil inland sea.

"Oh!" said Peggy suddenly, stopping dead. "A cuckoo!"

"Who?" demanded Dugdale in mock indignation. "Me?"

"Silly!"—the girl stood breathless, with her piquant little face tilted and her short curls tumbling from beneath her small hat of rather Jacoby velvet. "Do you think I would stand still to listen to you? It's a real spring cuckoo. What a sweet duck! Listen, Archie!"

Mr. Archibald Dugdale took out a cigarette-case of imitation amber, and lit a cigarette petulantly. He caught Peggy's arm.

"It's too early in the morning to listen to duck-cuckoos, Miss Beckett—that is to be Mrs. Archie Dugdale," he said languidly. "Besides, it's one of those new tootlers that the pirate motor-buses use."

Peggy Beckett sighed. Then a little laugh left her lips. When she laughed her small nose wrinkled ever so slightly and her eyes became like dancing windflowers.

"I don't believe your eyelashes are unstuck or your ears unwrapped yet, Mr. Dugdale," she said coolly. "Poor old thing! Did I drag him out of bed just because I'm so excited that I had to walk to Quilter's through the Park this morning?"

"Good lor!" exclaimed Archie Dugdale, his small, lazy eyes widening. "This is the day of the lightning strike at Quilter's, isn't it, Trotsky?"

He stared at the girl in well-simulated awe as they swung forward.

In Peggy's cheek the wind-whipped colour deepened. Her mouth closed in a sedate little line, and she looked straight ahead.

Mr. Archibald Dugdale, whose present address was Tozer's Royal Empress Hotel, in South Kensington, watched her tilted profile rather furiously.

He was handsome in a slant-eyed, slouching way. He had a nimble tongue and dressed almost faultlessly. If the note he struck was a little too strident, nobody at Tozer's Royal Empress had noticed it, and as private secretary to Jacob Vanderveld, the great theatre magnate, his personality might be expected to be vivid—a little Bohemian and adventurous. He knew how unwise it was, even with his girl of delicate wit, to poke fun at Peggy the Firebrand.

Quilter's was the great, old-fashioned stores in Regent-street. For long Quilter's had seethed with muttered rebellion. And that day the three hundred assistants and Quilter's liveries and liveries-out were to proclaim a swift strike against old-fashioned conditions, old-fashioned wages, old-fashioned everything.

"Little nib!" Dugdale said, with careless tenderness, imprisoning the gloved hand which swung by his side. "I'll be a splendid lark. I've a good mind to come along and watch your little boys and girls troop out when you give the signal. And the biggest lark of all is that it doesn't matter a bean if old Quilter saks you on the spot, because you're going to marry me on Thursday."

Dugdale stopped. The cause of the interruption was a large pink-and-white bull-terrier dog. He was lop-eared, hollow-flanked, and muddy, a lost pariah of the great city. He pattered be-

hind Dugdale, sniffing hungrily at his squeaking brown shoes.

"You ugly brute!" Dugdale said, and swung a flying kick at the thin ribs.

The outcast leapt. His hind teeth split the lower part of Dugdale's trousers. He leapt again, in an abandon of rage, and Dugdale, white, vicious and frightened, stumbled against the railings. The teeth of the forlorn desperado met in his fallen bowler hat, and hung on to it.

"Poor old fellow!" Peggy breathed, choking with a strange mixture of terror and laughter. "Come here!"

She held out her hand. The dog sprang at it, snarling. What happened then was blurred to Peggy's eyes. But she was aware that an ill-dressed figure of a man, which had sat on a near-by form and watched the onslaught on Archie Dugdale with the utmost coolness, started to its feet.

He appeared to catch the frenzied dog in mid-air. Standing at the edge of the water, he swung the animal by its lean scruff. The placid mirror of the Serpentine was shattered by the dirty-white projectile.

"Oh, thanks!" gasped Peggy.

She became aware that Archie Dugdale and the shabby stranger—he was a tall, broad-shouldered young man with dark, bronzy hair and tanned brown skin—were both staring at each other.

A little twitching smile was on the young man's lips and his eyes glimmered with some deep, rather grim amusement.

Dugdale was mechanically replacing his tattered bowler on his head. But he did not seem to be able to take his glance from the other, with a great effort, he did so, and turned to Peggy.

"Got to go and buy a new outfit now," he said, stumbingly. "I'll see you later, Peg."

He was gone—almost running. The creamy hawthorns of the sidewalk hid him. His pink-eyed assailant was shaking himself dejectedly on the shore a hundred yards away.

"You're feeling a bit wonky, aren't you? I think you had better sit down."

Peggy jumped slightly. She had been frowning after Archie Dugdale with her red lips

Hyde Park. He lives at the Royal Empress Private Hotel in South Kensington, where I also live, and his age next birthday is twenty-eight. I think he is either a Conservative or a Socialist in politics."

The man raised his brown, deep-set eyes. A little twinkle stirred behind them. He did not appear the least bit nonplussed.

"Thank you," he said gravely. "And now what about yourself?"

Peggy set her teeth and smiled frigidly. She had basted a hundred men who had been too inquisitive or too friendly; spruce, amorously-expert men, not loungers with dreamer's eyes, and a long, clean-cut face. At Quilter's it was known that the tongue of Peggy Beckett, who was utterly alone in the world, since her mother had died, could vanquish any living man, from old Adam Quilter downwards.

"I'm Cinderella," she answered calmly. "You can tell by my rags, can't you? Although they're no worse than yours. I'm the new kind of Cinderella who knows she'll never get a golden coach or a glass slipper, though she's sure her foot is smaller than heaps of women's, and she'd look much nicer in a golden coach or a Rolls Royce than they do. So she keeps on getting little larks out of life, and working hard in between, and always dreaming that, that."

She paused abruptly. Sometimes her inward soul broke its fastenings and flew up to the surface. Sometimes, when her flippancy tongue was at its liveliest, she could not keep back the sick craving for beauty and sweetness and power.

Perhaps it was because she was only an imitation cockney working girl and not a real one—because she was the daughter of a long-dead solicitor in a sleepy Surrey market town, and had lived in an old garage which at that moment would be hidden in a foamy sea of plum and apple blossom.

The young man's pleasant voice came from afar. His brown eyes, though Peggy did not see them, had lost their laughter and were rather stern. They were looking down at the ring on Peggy's finger.

"You've found a prince, anyway," he said,

are. Perhaps you are quite a waster, for all I know. You seem to enjoy your kind of life. But perhaps you've tried hard to—to find work. I know how rottenly cruel everybody is when one is down and out. Perhaps you loathe being poor as much as I do, but you can't get out of it by marrying somebody like—I like I can."

She stopped, a little terror-struck at herself. But Peggy Beckett, of the tumultuous tongue could not easily pull herself out of such a groove.

"So, please—take this. It's a loan. You can send it back to me at Tozer's Royal-Empress—"

She ended incoherently, dropped the ten-shilling note blindly on the form beside the stranger, and with the May wind blowing her skirts, ran headlong towards where the hum of awakening London roared softly and sardonically waiting to receive her.

### THE STRIKE AT QUILTER'S.

THE yellow-faced clock above the gallery of Quilter's Emporium began to chime noon. The business of Quilter's, in lace department and haberdashery, drapery and costumes, seemed to stagger in its dignified stride, and then go on again. From balcony to basement all unseemly thrills passed.

Across the polished floor spaces of Quilter's main department a figure, flippant as a wood nymph, came gliding. It was Peggy Beckett, the Firebrand.

"Twelve o'clock, everybody! Pass the word!" Peggy's clear voice rang out in the cloister-like hush of the big, sleepy building. The stunned and horrified face of Mr. Leppard, the head shop-walker, loomed above her and she grimaced at it so that he fell back stiffly, like a wax effigy.

He leaned down the golden-coloured carpet of the double staircase a throng of excited girls and men came pouring, and from behind every counter black-clad girls, some flushed and frightened, others white and giggling, moved in a crush towards the folding glass doors.

"Lawks!" murmured a girl who doisted on the shoulders of her comrades—the yellow-haired girl whom he knew as Miss Beckett.

Mr. Leppard was stupidly aware that the vast building of Quilter's Emporium was empty, save for a dozen other shopwalkers and a dozen Adam Quilter himself, standing gaunt, jut-chinned and smiling fiercely at the tumult in the street.

Some two hours later, Adam Quilter, sole proprietor of Quilter's Emporium, stood at a round clerestory window of his private room high above the silent and deserted departments of Quilter's.

He looked down into the narrow street immediately below. It was flooded with a sea of pigmy men and girls, in which tossed banners and sandwich boards. In its centre was an improvised platform. Upon it a girl stood—a girl with raven-black hair and a face like pale alabaster. It was Meta Jacobs, the lieutenant of Peggy, the Firebrand.

Adam Quilter smiled.

"My own private spy and traitor!" he murmured. "I wonder where little Meta is! Will she cry when her air-castles crash?"

An expression of dry amusement creased his face. It was almost a dead face, save for the weary eyes and fierce chin. Yet the granite mask of it seemed to melt into something like tenderness for a moment.

Among the half-dozen people in London who knew him he was called "The Hermit of Bryanston-square." The big emporium held him by day. The big grey town house closed over him at night. And that was all the world knew of Adam Quilter.

He moved, a little feebly, to a small bureau, unlocked it, and took forth a letter. It was dated a year before, and its address was the old Grange in the sleepy Surrey town where Peggy Beckett had lived.

He read the small angular woman's writing with no alteration in his wrinkled, immobile face. Then, in complete silence, he locked the bureau again.

"It is the only amusement left to old age—to juggle with the destiny of youth," Adam Quilter said aloud.

Abruptly the bulldog look fell upon him again. Like a cloak he donned at will. He moved out of the room on to the wide carpeted floor of the fourth story and scowled round at the shining counters and showcases. The whole department was empty save for a few nervous and highly-strung loyalists.

"They'll be back in a few minutes, you fools!" he barked, with a harsh and startling laugh. "Are you ready for them?"

With no further word he passed along the long corridor, at the end of which was the small emergency lift; the chocolate-clad lift boys of the large elevators had joined the strikers. Adam Quilter stepped inside. He pushed the button for the cord when a footstep sounded behind him.

"Let me!" a voice said.

The lift began to descend slowly. Quilter turned his head, and a young woman of the kind that was a glow-haired girl, who looked at him steadily with cool blue eyes and demure mouth,

(Continued on page 18.)



"I'd better be going. I am quite recovered," said Peggy thoughtfully. She stood, thrilling, in the spring sunshine, vital and flushed, utterly fearless and utterly innocent. The man drew a sharp breath as he watched her.

folded thoughtfully. Her heart was pounding in her throat, but because, it seemed to her, there was a touch of laughter in the young man's voice at the tattered figure which Archie cut, she turned cold and hostile eyes upon him.

"Thank you," she said, rather distantly. The stranger brushed the dew from the seat with a lean brown hand. He wore a crumpled Norfolk jacket and trousers that were nearly frayed but not quite. His boots were heavy and workmanlike, and his soft hat had a happy-go-lucky lack of shape.

There was something clean-cut and well-bred about his very shabbiness, a humorous carelessness that only a brave poor man or else a genuine waster could show. Peggy swept up the details with one glance. She softened.

"I suppose you are an out-of-work lion tamer, aren't you?" she said gravely. "It would have eaten my hand in one gulp if you hadn't caught it, I think. It was a fierce beast, wasn't it? Poor Archie!"

"Archie!" murmured the young man, musically. "Is that his—er—name? It's a jolly good one."

Peggy took off her left glove deliberately. She let her hand rest so that this steady rescuer of her could see the diamond ring which sparkled on her finger.

"Archie"—she repeated the name with stiff and ironical politeness—"is short for Archibald, if you didn't know. His second name is Dugdale. I don't think I've the least likely you ever met him before. He seldom sleeps in

slowly. "You're going to marry Mr.—Dugdale?"

"Yes, please"—Peggy wrenched herself back to the vague and impertinent stranger.

"Um!" the young man said, almost absently. "He's a fortunate fellow."

"Thank you, kindly," Peggy answered demurely.

A little, busy bird scuffled in the tree above, and dropped a few blossom-petals on the seat. The young man took off his hat, and lifted his bare head to the sun, blinking his eyes lazily. They became keen and golden in colour, under the sunlight.

"I suppose you haven't really got up yet, have you? And perhaps you haven't breakfasted?" Peggy said, thoughtfully. "I'd better be going. I am quite recovered."

She rose with a pang of guilt. The strike at Quilter's was to break forth at noon, at her signal. By nightfall, old Adam Quilter would be beaten.

Her throat throbbled with primitive adventure. She stood, thrilling, in the spring sunshine, slender, vital and flushed, utterly fearless and utterly innocent. The man who watched her with half-shut eyes, drew a sharp breath, and his hands clenched for a moment.

"Going?" he yawned and smiled. Peggy stood still, looking down at him. The impulse of pity swept her away. She dug her hand deep into the pocket of her coat.

"Oh, I don't know who you are or what you



# THE WAY OF A MAN

(Continued  
from p. 17)

"It's me," Peggy Beckett said. "You are a very impudent minx!" Adam Quilter said. His fierce eyes, with something behind them that Peggy could not read, sought to beat down her glance. He seemed to fill the lift with his harsh and domineering presence.

Peggy leaned against the polished sides of the lift. She held a small basket carefully on her arm and did not speak.

"You foolish young woman!"—Quilter spoke again, as though he had challenged himself to bring fear into the steady eyes that watched him. "Do you know you've walked right into the lion's den?" he said, "go you for trespass—and stealing, too, judging from the look of that basket. There are enough policemen below to run even a little incendiary like you to the police station!"

His cackle of dry laughter died away. The lift had shivered and then stopped. The proprietor of Quilter's tugged hard at the cord. It was useless. The lift hung midway between two floors.

Peggy raised her calm, incisive face.

"It does this now and again," she said. "You remember the last time, they had to saw through the roof and take two workmen out head-first. It was because they were so old and so fat. But I don't think they ever let you know, did they?"

She spread her skirts and squatted daintily on the floor.

Outwardly Peggy was ice-cold-cool. Inwardly, she was hot and throbbing. She felt like one who has lighted a gunpowder barrel in bravado, and is unable to put it out.

Yet, she told herself, fiercely, it was not bravado which had made her do it. It was the laugh of a jaunty young man in the street below to rebellion. It was not even the devil-may-care vitality which seethed in her. This old man was a Victorian tyrant, and Quilter's was a score of years behind all other stages in London. Peggy glanced furtively at Adam Quilter. He looked feeble and tired; she thought, and rather neglected in spite of his ferocity. The firebrand within her wavered and died down for a moment.

"Please sit down," she said, gently. "We might be here for quite a long time. And perhaps we can—negotiate."

Peggy opened the small basket she carried. On the floor of the lift she laid out a piece of water-soup, a hunk of dry bread, a piece of gory and half-cooked meat, and an unnameable suet-pudding.

"It belongs to you," she said, simply. "It's a specimen dinner from your assistants' dining-room. I climbed the fire-escape and broke in to steal it, because I wanted to show it on our stall in Regent-street—to get the public on our side." She poised the unnameable suet-pudding in her fingers with an orator's gesture.

"There's such a thing as being swizzled," Mr. Quilter. I fancy your housekeeper has swizzled you and the staff, too, with this kind of stuff. Things happen to a head-man in a busy shop, and a girl is afraid—well, I can't tell you. There's such a thing as treating live human beings as though they were rolls of gingham. There's such a thing as being stuck fast in a shell—like a tortoise—and growing old and lonely."

Peggy bit her runaway tongue. From below came the sound of herculean efforts to move the lift.

"We're negotiating," Peggy said unsteadily. "It's your turn to speak now."

She faltered, because Adam Quilter's eyes had watched her with a passionate scrutiny all through her speech. It was as though he took in and absorbed every word of hers without listening to any of her words.

He spoke.

"Your mouth and eyes are your mother's, girl," he said softly. "But your hair is yellow. I suppose it's the electric light."

Peggy half-stumbled to her feet. She stood quivering slightly. Right into the dingy lift the vision of a sweet, thin face, framed in the dim doorway of the old Grange, flashed and weakened her like a blow.

"I don't understand," she whispered. "You don't know anything about me. I suppose it is your—joke."

Adam Quilter—Quilter, the hermit of Bryanton-square—straightened his meagre shoulders. His thin lips flickered.

"My job," he repeated impassively. "Some day you will see it, little Miss Firebrand. I hope you will enjoy it."

The lift shook slightly. To Peggy, it was like some unseen agency trying to shake her out of a dream-fantasy into which she had fallen at the very height and climax of the lightning strike at Quilter's.

## THE HARDEST BLOW.

THE lift descended and stopped smoothly at the ground floor.

Peggy crept forth and stood like a statue. A wave of sickness swept across her. The great folding doors of the Emporium were flung wide open. Through them, streaming back into the deserted wilderness of Quilters, were all the men and girls who had poured forth at her signal.

They marched demurely and sodately, bare-headed girls and brilliantiated young men, with the last flicker of mischief dying out of their eyes. Peggy watched frozenly, standing with the polluted meat on her arm. For a moment she did not understand.

"They're—going back!"

Realisation poured over her. The whole world seemed to dissolve into taunting laughter about her.

She had been prepared for anything—to break through the cordon of policemen which Adam Quilter would call up to arrest her, to dash her watery soup upon any limb of the law who sought to bar her passage. But she had not been prepared to see the strike at Quilter's rumble before her eyes at its very high noon.

"Meta!"—Peggy broke free from the stupefaction that held her and averted forward at the sight of her lieutenant. For a moment she had a wild impulse to breast the flood and try to thrust it back. "Are they all mad?"

Meta Jacobs turned her sleepy black eyes and smiled into Peggy's face. A little ripple of laughter came up in her throat. In that flash of a second, Peggy knew she had never trusted her lieutenant—and with bitter reason.

"The strike is over, Peg," Meta said in her slightly lisping contralto.

"You've got me back again," she said.

Peggy forced a quivering laugh. Her strong little chin went up beneath the double blow of defeat and treachery. The dimples came by sheer force of will.

"Your ways reminded me of a little black sheep, Meta," she said; "but I never knew you really were one. Ba-a-a!"

She stood with her slim body tensed and her head flung back slightly. As in a dream she saw Mr. Leppard, the shopwalker, washing his hands in invisible water, approach the first customer who followed in the trail of the returned strikers.

"Well, Miss Firebrand?"

It was Adam Quilter. He stood behind her, looking down at her. He was smiling. His chin, with its little crop of grey hair, was out-thrust fiercely. His eyes were like faded-blue holes in the parchment of his face.

"You've beaten them—not me," Peggy whispered. Quilter chuckled softly.

"I had word two days ago that this blood-and-thunder business was coming off," he said. "I was one of your asked ten pounds for the secret, and I gave it him. So I arranged with Miss Jacobs to lay my terms before my assistants, after they had taken an hour or two in the fresh air of the street. They were so satisfied that they came back immediately, as you see. Mr. Slater!"

Quilter crackled the summons to the assistant cashier.

"Next week's wages to Miss Beckett. Good-bye, little Firebrand!"

Peggy's eyes danced in desperate laughter.

"Good-bye! I only did it all for a lark. Just as I should do nothing but play larks if I were as rich as you are."

She found herself out in the sunlit glamour of Regent-street with her pay envelope crushed in her hot hand.

Once clear of Quilter's stonem pile she had to take the impulse to stamp on the kerb and break into weeping or laughter—she was not sure which.

A policeman surveyed her suspiciously, and she moved on precipitately. But her tangled thoughts throbbed relentlessly.

It was odd to think that Quilter's, which had been her Cinderella's kitchen for nearly a year, had dropped for ever out of her life. The hungry words Adam Quilter had spoken to her in the lift came back for a startled moment, but she forgot them almost immediately. She was to be married in three days—from the Royal Empress.

Tozer's was already looking up its old-bunting and decorations for the occasion. She had given Archie every penny of the hundred and fifty pounds which had been sleeping in the Savings Bank since her mother died. He needed it, because, though he had a good salary, he had no capital.

"Poor Archie! I hope he got a nice new suit."

Peggy sat on the top of the Kensington bus, drooping slightly. The day had left her limp with its adventures. She thought of the Park stranger. In some way his friendly brown eyes had been with her all day. Perhaps he was a Cinderella-man like she was a Cinderella-girl. Perhaps he was only an artificial poor man, just as she had only been an artificial cockney shop girl.

"I hope the glass slipper fits you on Thursday!" Peggy whispered.

She sat solemnly—a little pinched of aspect. She wished she could get rid of that Cinderella allegory. Archie was big and good-looking. But he was hardly like a prince. Neither was Tozer's Royal Empress Private Hotel, which was to be the scene for the wedding, like a palace.

She ran down the bus steps and tripped along the grey street where Tozer's Royal Empress Hotel dozed in its afternoon slumber. At that hour of the day, it was like a senile old man, nodding after an untidy meal. The entrance hall was deserted. So was the dining-room.

Peggy ran upstairs and rather breathlessly pushed open the door of the drawing-room.

She paused there. The trashily-furnished room held two people—two men.

Archie Dugdale, splendidly dressed for travel, with a brand new suit case by his side stood cowering slightly. As Peggy gazed, he threw down on the table a gorged and overflowed note-case.

The other man, who stood by his side with a half smile of stern amusement on his face, looked up sharply at the sound of the girl's entrance. She saw then that it was the shabby brown-eyed stranger of Hyde Park.

"You, Cinderella!" he said slowly.

Archie Dugdale made a convulsive movement. But a look from the other man seemed to hold him bound and gagged. His face worked into a smile. He looked across the table.

"Hullo, Peg!" he said, and remained dumb, with the smile fixed as though he was unable to move the muscles of his face.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

The question came from Peggy's lips without volition of her own. She spoke to Dugdale. But it was the stranger who answered. His words came levelly.

"I've just told Mr.—or—Dugdale that he must not marry you this week—or ever," he said. "He has listened carefully to my arguments on the subject and sees the force of them. After due consideration, he has decided that he won't."

Another fine instalment to-morrow.

# How to be Beautiful.

By MIMOSA.

It is not every woman's good fortune to be endowed by Nature with fine features and a flawless complexion, but nowadays it is possible to make the plainest face attractive; and that, too, in the privacy of one's home, without recourse to beauty specialists, which usually involve expensive treatment, and much loss of time. I shall endeavour to show you in the following lines how much may be done in this direction by any woman of ordinary intelligence. When facial applications are necessary use only the pure ingredients just as they come to the chemist himself. Do not allow yourself to be persuaded into buying some cheap, ready-made preparation instead. Any chemist will gladly obtain the original concentrated ingredients for you, if you insist, and although he may not have them in stock, you will be well advised to wait while he orders them for you. The improvement in your appearance will be ample compensation for any trouble taken to obtain these simple and harmless beautifiers.

**About Shampooing.**—Even the best shampoo is somewhat drying, and if the hair is not naturally oily, I suggest that just before the shampoo you apply olive oil to the scalp, rubbing it into the hair roots vigorously. Then use the shampoo. Dissolve a teaspoonful in a cup of hot water. This will leave the hair very clean, soft and wavy.

**Changing Your Face.**—Any woman not satisfied with her complexion can remove it and have a new one. The thin veil of stifling half-dead cuticle is an encumbrance, and should be removed to give the fresh, vigorous young skin underneath a chance to show itself and to breathe.

There is a simple old-fashioned home remedy which will always do the work. Get some pure Mergolized Wax and apply it at night like cold cream, washing it off in the morning. The wax will gently abrade all the lifeless skin, and leave a healthy and beautiful complexion as fresh as a child's. Naturally, it takes with it all such facial blemishes as freckles, tan, moth patches, sallowness, liver spots, etc. It is pleasant to use, effective and economical. The face so treated immediately looks years younger.

**To Remove Superfluous Hair.**—It is a simple matter to remove a downy growth of hair temporarily, but to remove it permanently is quite another matter. It is a pity that it is not more generally known that powdered pheninol may be used for this purpose. Apply it directly to the hair. The recommended treatment is designed not merely to instantly remove the hair, but also to eventually kill the roots entirely.

Any chemist should be able to supply you with an ounce of pheninol, which quantity should be sufficient.

**Blackheads, Oily Pores, Etc.**—The new sparkling face-bath treatment rides the skin of blackheads, oiliness and enlarged pores almost instantly. It is perfectly harmless, pleasant and immediately effective. All you have to do is to drop a stymol tablet, obtained from the chemist's, in a glass of hot water, and after the resulting effervescence has subsided, dab the affected portion of the face freely with the liquid. When you dry the face you will find that the blackheads come right off on the towel, the large pores contract and efface themselves and the graininess is all gone, leaving the skin smooth, soft and cool. This treatment should be repeated a few times at intervals of several days in order to make sure that the result shall be permanent.

**How to Make Curls.**—Every woman knows the difficulty of keeping her hair in curl, and no doubt the following information will be found very useful. Obtain from your chemist a bottle of liquid Silmerine and apply it to the hair occasionally with a clean toothbrush. No waving irons are necessary, and the hair is greatly improved in colour and texture instead of being burnt up, as it usually is, by the use of hot curling-irons. Liquid Silmerine is not at all sticky; in fact, quite apart from its power of creating curls, it forms quite a delightful dressing for the hair.

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**MILLIONAIRE'S FATE.**

**Coal Magnate Found Dead on Railway Line.**

**CARRIAGE DOOR MISTAKE?**

Mystery surrounds the fate of a millionaire coal magnate, Mr. William Walter Hood, who was found dead on the railway line near Shrivernham, on the G.W.R.

Apparently Mr. Hood had fallen from the train which left Paddington for South Wales at six o'clock at night. The door of the apartment he had occupied was found open. The dead man's neck was broken.

Mr. Hood, who was unmarried, lived at Treadan, a big modern house seven miles from Chipstow, and he travelled to London on a shopping expedition by the 8.47 train from Chipstow on Friday morning.

It is assumed that he opened the door of the first-class compartment in which he travelled alone on the train back from London and stepped out on the track, having mistaken the door for that leading into the corridor.

An inquest will be held to-day at Shrivernham.

**STAGE ROMANCE.**

**Miss Nancie Lovat Weds Epsom Trainer—Bride's Silver Dress.**

Still another stage romance has had another happy ending, Miss Nancie Lovat, the well-known musical comedy star, having just been married to Mr. Cecil Langlands, clerk of the course at Epsom.

The register office marriage took place in London some weeks ago, and the ceremony this week-end was a religious one.

Beautifully gowned in silver-white marocain with silver embroideries, Miss Lovat made a charming bride, and her Russian coronet of orange blossom was over a Brussels lace veil. The honeymoon is being spent in France.

**FREEZING A FLOOD.**

Sinking has begun on the vast new coalfield at Ollerton, in the Dukeries, by the Butterley Company, on the estate of Lord Savile.

Water will be held back by artificial freezing.

**MISHAP TO LINER.**

The American liner Manchuria, New York for Hamburg, lost a blade of the propeller when crossing the Atlantic, says a Plymouth message.

**FROCKS FOR EASTER.**

**Charming Bead Effect in New Voile Material.**

**OVER-BLOUSE STYLE.**

Although the early bird catches the worm, the late shopper sometimes secures special bargains. The woman who has put off her Easter shopping until now has still some excellent opportunities left.

Paurelle, Ltd., of Regent-street, are for four days selling sample suits, each one different from the rest, at four guineas. The price originally was twelve to fifteen guineas.

At Stagg and Mantle's a curtain sale is in progress, and the loveliest muslin and lace curtains are to be bought for 7s. 6d., 8s. 11d. and 10s. 6d. a pair.

The new over-blouse, well tailored, with striped collar and cuffs, at Harrods will cost only 12s. 11d., and a dozen Irish linen handkerchiefs are offered at 3s. 11d.

Women who need charming frocks will be delighted with the new voile "Beadora," which has a bead effect and is sold by the makers of the over-popular Tricoline.

Liberty's offer their yarn crape—forty inches wide—in twenty-four colourings at 2s. 11d.

The Galeries Lafayette are still reducing their prices by 5s. in the pound, and their new offers include a crepe de Chine gown embroidered all over at £2 17s. 6d., voile princess slips at 5s. 11d., speckled knitted costumes at 41s. 6d., and gabardine coats at 42s. to £6.

**BETRAYED BY EAR.**

**Eight Men and Three Women Arrested by Strange Clue to Robbery.**

Eight men and three women, believed to be international thieves, have been arrested in Paris in consequence of one of them having a curiously shaped ear.

Several English and American visitors at fashionable hotels have complained of being robbed by well-dressed strangers. One of the complainants, who lost 400,000 francs (£16,000), mentioned that a man whom he suspected of robbing him had a right ear of unusual shape.

Detectives, says the Exchange, shadowed a man noticed to have this peculiarity, and finally eleven arrests were made.

Two Labour Losses.—Polling for the election of members in nine of the wards of the Leyton Urban District Council resulted on Saturday in the loss of two seats by the Labour Party.

**Look out for the Barribal Coloured Cover on every Bookstall.**



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## DERBY V.C.'s MOTHER



Earl Haig on his way to receive the freedom of the borough.



Mrs. Rivers, after receiving the freedom. She is wearing her son's medals.

Mrs. Rivers, mother of Derby's V.C., was in company with Earl Haig and the Duke of Devonshire in receiving the freedom of the borough.

## SPORT FOR BRADFIELD COLLEGE BOYS



An awkward business! Negotiating the weir in the senior steeplechase.



Climbing through the ropes in the obstacle race final.

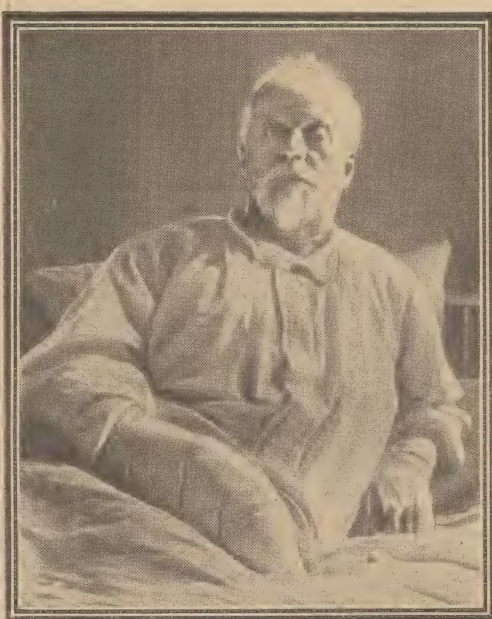
Bradfield College athletic sports, as usual, provided an excellent list of events, all of which were most keenly contested before an enthusiastic gathering of the boys.



Mr. W. W. Hood, the well-known director of coal and railway companies in South Wales, who fell from a G.W.R. express near Swindon, and was instantly killed, his neck being broken.



Henry Hadow, the farm labourer who sent back a gift of £700 from a relative in America, saying that he would rather earn a shilling than accept a gift from anybody.



**FRENCH X-RAY MARTYR.**—Dr. A. Soret, the well-known French scientist, who has lost several fingers as the result of experimenting with X-rays. He refuses to retire, saying he is ready to devote his last finger to the work and humanity.



Dr. Noel Scott, the old Bart's, United Hospitals and Middlesex Rugby forward, who is collaborating in the writing of a new revue, to be produced at the Empire Theatre, London.



Hugh David Lindsey, a Marlborough motor garage conductor, who is "wanted" on a warrant in connection with a charge of conspiracy to defraud.

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**MD 31.**—Handsome stole of best French Marabout, slightly shaped at neck to give correct set on shoulders. Nine strands wide, lined with good quality self-colored silk. Finished with artistic rosette of ribbon and silk cord. In Nigger, Natural, Navy, Black, Mole and Grey.  
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**MD 37.**—Important looking stole, in French Marabout, 60ins. long and about 12ins. wide. Beautifully light and of exceptionally fine quality. Padded and lined silk. Suitable for any figure. Nigger, Mole, Black, Natural, and Grey. Post & packing 9d. extra.  
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**MD 35.**—Circular cape in good quality French Marabout, 7 strands deep. Padded and lined silk. Finished with rosette of satin ribbon. Nigger, Navy, Black, Natural, Mole and Grey.  
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and is wonderfully effective for reducing swelling and taking the sting out of Sprains and Bruises.

Of Chemists, 2/- and 4/-.



**SLOAN'S Liniment**







# ROYAL INTEREST IN SATURDAY'S SPORT

## West Ham and Bolton in Cup Final.

### OXFORD'S TRIUMPH.

#### Boat Race and Sports for the Dark Blues.

The King and his sons shared in Saturday's record day of sport. His Majesty and Prince George remained to the end of the Liverpool meeting, and the Prince of Wales visited Twickenham to see the French Army beat the English Army by 15 points to 5. Unfortunately, he could not reach Putney in time to see Oxford win a sensational Boat Race. The Dark Blues were also successful in the sports. Features of the afternoon were:—

**Cup Semi-Finals.**—West Ham gained a remarkable victory by five goals to two over Derby County at Chelsea, and Bolton qualified to meet them in the final by defeating Sheffield United by a goal to nil at Manchester.

**Racing.**—Fatal accidents to Bumble Bee and Charles Lever and the disqualification of Count Ross marred the Liverpool Handicap.

**Lawn Tennis.**—B. I. C. Norton won the men's covered courts singles championship at Dulwich.

## HAMMERS FOR WEMBLEY.

### Wonderful Cup-tie Victory Over Derby County.

London will be represented at Wembley's first final by West Ham, a team that has never previously gone further than into the fourth round. They beat Derby County at Stamford Bridge by the handsome margin of five goals to two.

Right from the start West Ham played a winning game. Inside eight minutes they were 2 goals up.

Chandler was early responsible for some fine defensive work at right back for Derby. He had by far the most dangerous wing to look after, yet he not only did that but found time to cover Crilly, who was uncertain under pressure.

Then we had the first glimpse of the real Watson. He was in powerful close in, but as Olney was shapely to meet him he unselfishly passed to Brown, who got through with a fast rising shot exactly five minutes from the start.

Less than three minutes afterwards Brown put in a great drive. Olney threw himself down to meet it, and it seemed that he pulled it back over the line before scooping it clear. Like a flash Moore dashed up and sent the ball into the net over the goalkeeper's prostate body.

#### MURPHY'S SPRINGS.

Now and again Murphy would career down the line at a great pace and get over a brilliant centre, but almost every time the Derby inside men were too slow. West Ham's defence worked with rhythmical smoothness, and only very rarely did Hutton have the opportunity of handling.

It was fortunate for the County that their best defenders were on the right wing. Chandler was the best back on the field, and McIntyre was easily best of the Midlanders' halves. Between them they had to meet West Ham's best wing. The triangular work of Ruffell, Moore and Treadwell was a treat to watch, and though Watson in his distribution of the ball never neglected his right wing, he naturally gave most chances to the left.

#### MCCRE'S CLEVER GOAL.

After the breathless West Ham went off again with fine dash, and Moore increased their lead very cleverly. He began a fine left wing movement, and after passing to Ruffell accepted a quick return, and with a swift low shot, which travelled diagonally away from Olney, he found the net.

Olney added the fourth goal rather curiously. Olney had once run out and smothered a shot by Watson, and he tried to repeat the experiment. Goalkeeper and centre-forward tumbled together, but while on the ground Watson touched the ball to Brown, who sent into an empty goal.

Four goals up and with twenty minutes left for play, West Ham slackened. Derby countered with a strong rally, and after Henderson had put through his own goal, Murphy was responsible for getting the defence in a tangle, and from a great bit of work on his part Moore ran towards the right and got a great cross shot past Hutton.

This temporary lapse did not suit Watson. With a great burst he forced a corner. Olney punched the ball away from the flag-kick, but Kay gained possession and passed to Ruffell, who with a wonderful twenty-five yards' range cross shot rounded off the Hammers' well-deserved victory.

Derby were disappointing, but deserve credit for not losing heart and for the clean game they played. The attendance was 50,795 and the receipts £8,040.

G. P. S.

400-1  
Pamphlet, rider of H. J. R. R. R. who  
Count Ross, disquali- won three events in  
fied in the Liverpool the inter-Varsity  
Hurdle. sports.

## BOLTON THROUGH.

### Regrettable Scenes at Old Trafford Semi-Final.

Contrary to expectation, Bolton succeeded against Sheffield United in the Cup semi-final at Old Trafford.

The margin, one goal, by which the Trotters won, indicates the measure of their fortune rather than their football superiority, as there was a distinct spice of good fortune about the point that Jack scored a minute from the interval.

Vizard, the Trotters' brilliant winger, gave his colleague a chance that was accepted in a rather uncertain sort of fashion, and this was sufficient to win the match.

Reflecting on the events of the afternoon, it would be hard to say that Bolton were the better side on the play. There were incidents of an ugly nature taking place among the spectators, and this must have had its effect on the play and players.

The hardest-worked people on the ground were the ambulance men and officials, who were kept busy taking maimed and injured folk off the ground. The crush was terrific, and the excited enthusiasts rushed and pushed and swayed with such power that there were many casualties.

#### UNITED UPSET.

The United were the better side until these unpleasant incidents began to tell on them, and they more than held their own in spite of the fact that they had played injured after twenty minutes' play.

The half back was off the field for some time, and though he returned he was a passenger for the rest of the game. This involved reorganisation of the Sheffield forces, and that reorganisation necessitated the sacrifice of their splendid combination. This, together with the magnificent work performed by Bolton by Seddon, the centre half, and Finney, the left back, was the real cause of Sheffield's exit from the tournament.

The first half was practically all Sheffield, Bolton resting content with playing a spoiling game. But although the Blades were masters of Bolton's defence, only one or two real shots were put in, the best coming from Tunstall. The next best effort came from Jack, who pivoted, and enabled Blackwell to distinguish himself with a fine save.

Certainly Bolton were a better team after the change of ends, but they were never convincing. If West Ham play in the final, as I know they are capable of doing, and Bolton do not show a vast improvement on Saturday's play, the Cup should be kept at London for a season.

The attendance was 72,000 and the receipts £7,600. H. C. L.

## BLOOMFIELD V. JONES.

### To-night's Cruiser-Weight Contest at the National Sporting Club.

What should prove a wonderfully interesting bout is the cruiser-weight British Empire championship meeting between Jack Bloomfield, the holder, and Soldier Jones, of Canada, at the N.S.C. to-night.

West has lost to him, and Bloomfield's victory over Billy Wells is still fresh in the memory of the public. Both are very tough, hard-hitting customers, and if Bloomfield is the more orthodox in his methods, Jones is so fast that he is difficult to size up for attack.

Jack Kirk and Tommy Milligan, of Hamilton, are the main event to meet at the Ring.

At Liverpool Stadium, Arthur Townley and Dave Magill are opposed, and Van't Hof, of Holland, and Astley Kelly, of France, will meet at the Ring.

A nice entry has been received for the 11st. Service competition to-night at the Plumstead Baths, and some good boxing will be seen. Other good boxing will make up the programme, the proceeds of which are for the Woolwich unemployed.

## SATURDAY'S FOOTBALL RESULTS AND LEAGUE TABLES.

DIVISION I.		DIVISION II.	
Aston V. 3	Birm. Ham. 0	Bury 0	0 South. 0
Burnley 0	0 Huddersfield 2	Clapton 0	2 Notts 0
Cardiff 0	0 Cardiff 1	Cowes 0	1 Leicester 1
N. Forest 1	1 Blackburn 0	Leeds 0	4 Crystal P.
Sheff. Wed. 0	0 Wigan 1	Sheff. 0	0 Walsley 1
Preston 2	2 Sunderland 0	Wolves 0	3 Barnsley 3
Liverpool 2	2 Man. C. 0	Stockport 0	0 Fulham 0
Swindon 0	0 Stoke 0		
	P. W. Pt.		P. W. Pt.
Liverpool 32	35 49	Leicester City 34	18 42
Sunderland 32	17 44	Notts County 32	19 42
Huddersfield 31	16 40	Blackpool 30	15 40
Sheff. Wed. 30	14 38	Manchester 29	15 38
Newcastle United 34	14 38	Fulham 30	14 38
Sheff. Wed. 30	14 38	Cardiff 29	14 38
West Bromwich 30	13 35	West Ham 31	14 37
Burnley 30	14 35	Barnsley 30	14 37
Sheff. United 30	13 35	Sheff. Wednesday 29	14 37

In the above tables positions are calculated on goal average.

**SCOTTISH LEAGUE.**—Aberdeen 1, Third Lanark 1; Ayr 2, Hamilton 0; Celtic 3, Morton 2; Dundee 1, Rangers 2; Falkirk 0, Clyde 2; Hearts 1, Alloa 2; Motherwell 0, Raith 0; Partick 1, Kilmarnock 1; Dundee 2, Hibernians 0; Dundee 0, Greenock 0.

**CENTRAL LEAGUE.**—Birmingham 2, Preston 0; Bolton 1, Oldham 0; Blackpool 0, Sheffield United 0; Bolton 0, Liverpool 1; Bradford City 4, Port Vale 0; Derby 3, Bury 3; Everton 3, Manchester United 0; Huddersfield 1, Blackpool 0; Manchester City 2, Leeds 0; Stockport 0, Bury 0; West Bromwich 3, Wolverhampton Wanderers 0.

**MIDLAND LEAGUE.**—Cardiff 3, Chesterfield 1; Derby 1, Nottingham 1; Lincoln 3, Mansfield 0; Wednesbury 0, York 0; Worksop 3, Nickerborow 1; Hull 3, Boston 0; Barnsley 0, Doncaster 0; Waltham 1, Grimsby 2; Gainsborough 3, Rotherham 1.

**ASSOCIATION CLUB MATCHES.**—Corinthians 3, Everton 2; Arsenal 2, Rovers 2.

**ENGLISH SCHOOLS' SHIELD.**—Kings Norton (Birmingham) 2, East Ham 2.

## OXFORD'S TURN.

### Cambridge Beaten in a Gruelling Race by ½ Length.

#### NEW BOAT VINDICATED.

Only time will show how much Oxford owed to their new type of shallow streamline boat in beating Cambridge in one of the greatest races seen over the Putney to Mortlake course on Saturday.

The race was rowed on smooth water, with a slight following southerly breeze, and Oxford gained an early lead and held it.

Nothing could have been finer than the terrific spurts made by T. B. B. Sanders, the Cambridge stroke, and no man could have had gamier backing by a crew, who rowed themselves out to a man. And then, in a gallant effort at the finish, they had the strength to cut Oxford's lead down from nearly a length to a half at Barnes Bridge, and three-quarters of a length at the finish at Mortlake.

From Putney Bridge, by the Fulham football ground, the boats raced dead level, but then for a time Oxford gained with every stroke until they shot Hammersmith Bridge a length ahead.

#### OXFORD'S ADVANTAGE.

With the Surrey station favouring Oxford round the bend at Chiswick, the Dark Blues went still further ahead, and so they kept daylight between the frail craft right to Barnes Bridge.

And then Sanders and his men put in a wonderful bit of rowing, inch by inch, foot by foot, the Dark Blues picked up their leeway. But every spurt they made was answered by Mellen and his men, and a great effort in a forlorn hope failed gloriously.

Cambridge were the favourites at Putney before the race both vocally and for money. Riverside experts said afterwards that the lights Blue had slightly trained off, and that Oxford had come on enormously in the last week. They also said that on a rough day the new Oxford boat would not have been a success.

Still, as the race was rowed, they were the better and natter crew, and so they won for the first time since the war, stroked by an American, W. P. Mellen, with another from the States in R. K. Kane rowing at No. 4.

P. J. M.

## LAWN TENNIS FINALS.

### Norton Again Wins European Singles Championship at Dulwich.

There were some splendid matches in the final rounds of five events which included the European championship at the Covered Courts Club, Dulwich. B. I. C. Norton, the young South African player, retained his title as holder of the European singles championship when he defeated A. A. Fyfe by 3 sets to 1. He took some time to get going, and only won the first set after twelve games, but he lost the second, but in the third and fourth sets he had matters all his own way.

The doubles champion of Europe produced one of the best matches of the day, D. M. Greig and C. S. Ramaswami eventually winning after five sets when J. D. P. Walsley and Dr. A. H. Fyfe. So close was the scoring that the losers actually won more games than the winners.

Mrs. Craddock, the holder of the women's singles championship of Surrey, was defeated after a hard match with Mrs. Edgington.

Mrs. Craddock and the Hon. Mrs. Colston won the women's open doubles, and Dixie and Mrs. Edgington the open mixed doubles.

## WITH THE ATHLETES.

### Cross-Country Championships—Walking at Highgate and Wimbledon.

R. D. Bell (Cuaco Harriers) finished first in the 10-mile race, 55 miles cross-country, and 10 miles walking at Chingford in 31m. 38s. His club won the team honours with 61 points. Wolsey Motors A.C. won the cross-country championships at Highgate, and the Business Houses A.A. at Derby. W. Freeman, Enfield Works, was first home.

In a field of seventy-eight, J. Richards (Kent A.C.) with a start of 10m. 30s., won the Islington Borough A.A. seven miles walking handicap at Highgate, his actual time being 68m. 35s. 12s. combe A.C. won the team race. W. M. Covey won the Surrey A.C. ten miles road walking championship at Wimbledon in 1h. 20m. 33s.



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down; 9.30, Miss Kitty Rhodes (contralto); 9.40-10, dance; 10-10.10, second news bulletin; 10.10-10.15, Wireless Orchestra.





S. ANDREW WOOD  
AUTHOR OF  
OUR GRAND NEW  
SERIAL WHICH  
BEGINS ON  
PAGE 17 TO-DAY.

Jeff's Horse Can Go a Mile a Minute!  
See p. 23

# The Daily Mirror

NET SALE MUCH THE LARGEST OF ANY DAILY PICTURE NEWSPAPER

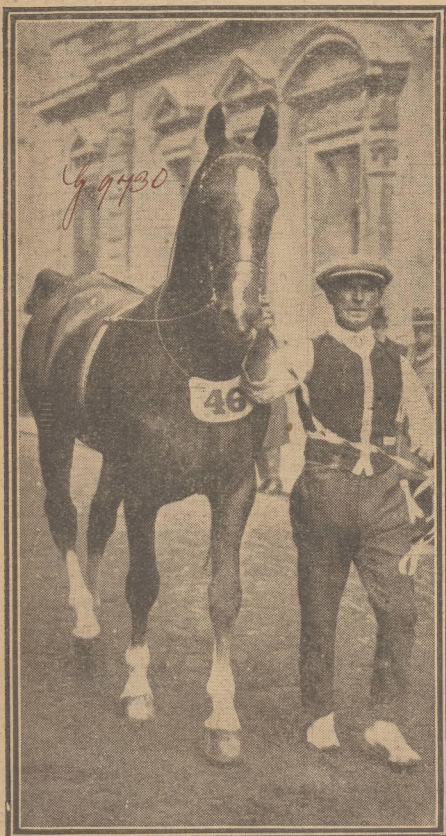
PEGGY IN QUEST  
OF ADVENTURE  
READ "THE  
WAY OF A MAN"  
ON PAGE 17  
TO-DAY.



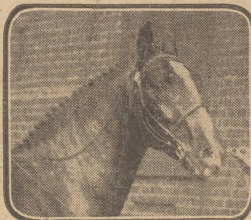
## EQUINE BEAUTY AT SPLENDID NORWICH SHOW: A GREAT DAY FOR HORSE LOVERS



A long row of agricultural sires in the ring for judging.



Sir Edward Mann's Thelveton Magnate, champion hackney, showing his paces before the judges.



Champion hackney stallion, Sir E. Mann's Thelveton Magnate.



The champion shire stallion, Mr. J. B. Dimmock's Goalkeeper of Kent.



Mr. Edward W. Long's Horstead Vanguard, first prize Suffolk.



Mr. H. C. Callaby's Heachum Polonius, first prize hackney four years and over.

Horse-breeders from all over the kingdom thronged the Agricultural Hall, Norwich, on Saturday for the splendid spring show of stallions which was organised by the Royal Nor-

folk Agricultural Association. Many of the exhibits showed great beauty and paced the ring with evident pride.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)